TENNESSEE HISTORY STORIES

The Statehouse of Tennessee

TENNESSEE HISTORY STORIES

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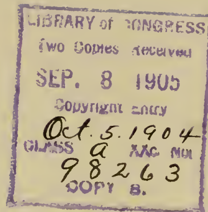

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Preface

It is now admitted that no history is of so much importance to children as that of their own State and country. They cannot well have too much information about either of these subjects, and in order to arouse the interest of the children of Tennessee in the history of their State, this book has been prepared.

No State has a history of more absorbing interest than Tennessee. Her people were among the first settlers west of the Alleghanies, and for this reason she bore in early times a unique relation to the rest of the country. Her sons struck a decisive blow for American liberty at King's Mountain. She was one of the first three States admitted to the Union. Moreover, she has always borne a prominent part in the affairs of the nation, and her soldiers and statesmen have been among its leaders. Her population has been made up mainly of plain people. She has developed less of the aristocratic element, perhaps, than any other State in the South. Hence, it is appropriate that these stories should be largely about the people—their customs, manners, and ways of living, especially in early times.

The correct methods of using this book will suggest themselves to every intelligent teacher. It may serve the purpose of

a primary history of the State; or it may be used as a supplementary reader in the upper primary grades. After reading a story, the pupil should be required to repeat it orally or in written form. All campaigns, expeditions, and voyages should be traced on the map. As the lessons proceed, it would be well to have the pupil fill out a skeleton map with all places mentioned in the stories.

For my materials I am, of course, much indebted to the various writers of Tennessee history. To give credit in each case would be impracticable in a work of this character.

The book is now submitted to the teachers of the State with the hope that it may prove a useful and efficient instrument in disseminating a broader and better knowledge of Tennessee history and Tennessee people.

T. C. K.

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Tennessee History Stories

A Look at the Land

Tennessee is in the southeastern part of the United States. It extends from the Smoky Mountains on the east to the Mississippi river on the west. It is much larger in this direction than from north to south. If one looks at it on the map, its shape makes him think of a little boy's coasting sled.

To the north of Tennessee lies Kentucky with its blue-grass pastures and its fine horses and cattle. It was the "Dark and Bloody Ground" settled by Daniel Boone. East of Cumberland Gap, the northern border of Tennessee touches Virginia. Many Tennesseans came from the Old Dominion, as Virginia is often called.

Beyond the great mountains on the east lies North Carolina, the mother State of Tennessee. She is sometimes called the Old North State. From this State Tennessee received her government, her laws, and her civilization. It was from North Carolina that many of her people came, and for many years the land that is now Tennessee formed a part of that State.

On the south lie the three sister States of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, white with fields of cotton. Each was the home of Indian tribes, of which you will

learn more in future chapters. From the western border of our State we cross the great Mississippi river into Arkansas and Missouri, which have been largely settled by people from Tennessee.

The rivers of southwestern Virginia and western North Carolina come together in East Tennessee. Following these streams the first emigrants from these older States united in like manner, and formed settlements on the Watauga, the Nollichucky, and the Holston.

At the time of the first settlements, much of the State was covered with thick forests. These were full of deer, bears, panthers, and other wild animals. Some parts were grassy plains over which vast herds of buffaloes roamed. In other places the land was covered with pea vines and wild flowers. Along the streams were dense growths of cane. Every kind of game was abundant. This had been the hunting ground of the Indians for untold ages.

The Great Smokies are the most lofty mountains in Tennessee. On top of the Great Roan the air is cool in the hottest days of summer. Visitors at the hotel find comfort in roaring wood fires, while people in the valleys below are seeking shelter from the burning sun.

Sometimes the tops of the mountains are called Cloudland. This is because the clouds, in passing over from Tennessee to North Carolina, strike the mountains and sweep through the green fields like great stagecoaches.

These mountains seemed to shut off the first emigrants

Settlers passing through the Great Smoky Mountains

from the new western lands that lay beyond. Yet after a while they found a way through the deep gorges which had been cut by the rivers. Much of the mountain country is still wild and thinly settled.

Here and there are rich coves, or valleys, shut in by mountain walls. These are thickly inhabited, and are noted for their quiet seclusion and great fertility. John Mitchell, the Irish patriot and exile, once lived in Tuckaleechee cove. The coves are somewhat like the famous valleys of the Swiss Alps, though the climate is milder.

From the heights of the Great Smokies, Daniel Boone and other hunters and explorers first saw the beautiful valley of East Tennessee. It lay spread out before them like a map, and in the dim distance earth and sky seemed to meet.

The country is made up of parallel ridges and minor valleys. Every little valley has a stream of clear water fed by crystal springs, which burst from the hills on either side. Here the first settlers built their homes.

The Cumberland Mountains lie next on the west. They form a broad plateau. On this plateau are numerous farms; and horses and cattle now feed where herds of wild deer once grazed. For a long time these mountains formed a dread wilderness through which emigrants must pass in reaching the Cumberland settlements.

In Middle Tennessee we have left the mountains behind. Now we find a gently rolling land, which has been aptly called the garden spot of the State. It is still noted

for its fertility, as in the days of Robertson and the first settlers on the Cumberland. But its herds of buffaloes have been exchanged for some of the finest Jersey cattle and the fleetest horses in the world.

The lowlands of West Tennessee, wise men tell us, are of the latest formations. To a great extent they are "made lands," reclaimed by the great river from the Gulf of Mexico. In like manner they were the last in the State to be settled. Their great forests and dense canebrakes were the paradise of hunters like Davy Crockett. Now they are the fertile fields and the happy homes of a prosperous people.

The First Inhabitants

Every boy and girl who reads this book has heard of the Indians. They owned this country before the white people came and took it from them. They are sometimes called red men on account of the color of their skin.

The first settlers of Tennessee found the Indians occupying the beautiful lands which we now possess. They lived in certain parts of it and the rest was used as hunting ground. How long they had been here and where they came from nobody has ever been able to tell. The Indians themselves did not know.

The red men did not live as we do now. They had no churches, no schools, no fine houses, and no great cities. Their dwellings were rude huts or tents made of poles, on which were stretched the skins of animals or the bark of trees.

The Indians got their living chiefly by hunting game in the gloomy forests or on the grassy plains, where wild turkeys, deer, buffaloes, and other animals were to be found in abundance. Beans, squashes, and maize, or Indian corn, were also used as food. These things were raised by the squaws, or Indian women, in little patches of ground near their homes. All the hard work fell to the lot of the women.

The Indians learned from the white people how to

grow peaches and melons, and to keep swarms of bees, which gave them large supplies of delicious honey. They ate mussels from the rivers as we do oysters. Great heaps of these shells show where "kitchens," or "bakes," were located. A heap of this kind on the Tennessee river below Chattanooga has given to the railway station the name of Shellmound.

When on the warpath, the Indians carried pouches of parched corn. They also killed or captured such game as chanced to come in their way. Their women ground corn in a kind of mortar and prepared it for food in almost as many ways as we do. Hominy is an Indian dish and an Indian name. So also is succotash, a mixture of corn and beans boiled when in the green state.

The government of the Indians was very simple. They were banded together in tribes, each ruled by a chief. The tribe was like a large family, and most of its members were related to each other. The chief was noted for his warlike character and his great bravery.

The towns of the Indians were located on the banks of rivers, where fish were plentiful and where the lands were fertile. Their houses were not placed near each other as ours are in cities. Plenty of space was left for gardens and other conveniences. The principal town contained the residence of the chief, which was somewhat larger than the other huts. The great council house also stood near by.

To the Indians, war seemed to be a natural state. War and hunting occupied most of their time. They were

very cruel to their enemies. Prisoners of war taken by them were sometimes bound to a stake and burned. They generally scalped those whom they slew in battle. The man of greatest honor among them was he who carried most scalps hanging at his belt.

The Indians never forgot an injury. If anybody killed one of their friends they would travel hundreds, or even thousands, of miles to avenge his death. No hardship was too severe in carrying out what, to them, was a sacred duty in such a case. They also remembered a kindness, and they sometimes put the white people to shame in this respect.

The Indians made canoes by burning down trees and hollowing them out with fire. They guided the fire by scraping away the charred wood with stone scrapers and stone axes. After the white people came, they furnished the Indians with better tools of every kind.

The religion of the Indians was very crude; and yet they believed in a Great Spirit, who spoke to them, as they thought, in the roar of the tempest and in loud peals of thunder. The Great Spirit was to them the giver of all good. He had a prophet in the tribe through whom he spoke his will to the people. His power was even greater than that of the chief, or head man of the tribe. Sometimes a woman held the position of prophet, as in the case of Nancy Ward, about whom you will read in this book. There was also an evil spirit, the Indians said, who spoke through witches and bad people.

The Indians had a vague idea of a future life. They

thought that brave warriors lived again in happy hunting grounds after death. These were far away in the islands of the southern seas. There the phantom warriors were supposed to spend eternity pursuing the buffaloes and deer of the spirit land.

II

The Cherokees were the Indians who gave the Tennessee settlers most trouble. Of their many cruel deeds you will learn in future chapters.

Like all other Indians, the Cherokees had no recorded history. One of their old legends was that their ancestors came from east of the great mountains. Another was that they came from the far west. The fact that they had in their language words referring to the whale and other ocean monsters shows that they must have once lived on the seacoast.

After the manner of all primitive peoples, the Cherokees also had some very fanciful ideas as to their origin. Those who were poetically inclined said that the first Cherokees dropped from the clouds which hover around the summits of the Great Smoky Mountains. Others said that their ancestors came up out of the mountains themselves, somewhat, I suppose, as a mushroom springs from the ground during the night. Of course, neither of these two stories could possibly be true.

The Cherokees were divided into the mountain Indians and the lowland Indians. Those of Tennessee were the mountaineers. They lived on the Tellico and Little Tennessee rivers.

The Chickamaugas were a branch of the Cherokees, intermixed with the Creeks and Shawnees. They lived along the south bank of the Tennessee river near Lookout Mountain and below. They were a sort of pirate or bandit tribe. They often sallied forth into the settlements and did great mischief. Then they would retire into their mountain gorges and caverns, where the whites could not reach them.

The lowland Indians lived on the southeast side of the Great Smoky Mountains. Their homes were along the mountain streams and around the headwaters of the Savannah river. These places are in what is now the upper part of North Carolina and Georgia.

The Cherokees were at their greatest power about the time the white explorers first reached them. They then had sixty-four towns and six thousand warriors. The entire population has been variously estimated at from twenty to sixty thousand. On the earliest maps the Tennessee river was called the Cherokee. The Smoky Mountains were also called the Cherokee Mountains.

The Cherokees, being a very warlike people, made war upon other Indians as well as upon the white race. They said they could not live without war. In early times both the Creeks and the Shawnees were driven out of what is now Tennessee by the Cherokees. They helped the English take Fort Du Quesne (dōō kain′). Old Fort Loudon was captured by them. Almost constant war was made upon the white settlers by this tribe.

The Cherokees had many great chiefs. They had a

tradition of a chief named Bullhead. He was a great leader and conqueror before the white settlers came. He gained his greatest fame in a war with the Creeks.

One of the greatest leaders of the Cherokees in their wars against the whites was Oconostota (ō cŏn os to′ta). In early life he made a trip to England and visited George II at his palace in London. The Cherokee nation is said to have declined after Oconostota's day.

There was also Atta-kulla-kulla, the vice-king and noted orator among the Cherokees. He it was who saved Captain Stuart's life in the taking of old Fort Loudon. He was generally friendly toward the white people.

In the land of the Cherokees, as in other parts of the country, large mounds of earth are found. Many of them have been opened by learned men who wished to discover the reason for their existence. In most cases they are found to contain human bones. This shows that they were generally used for burial purposes. With these bones are flint arrowheads, stone hatchets, and other implements. When an Indian was buried, his weapons for war and hunting, and sometimes even his dog, were placed in the grave with him. This was because his friends thought he would need these things in the spirit land, or the happy hunting grounds, where warriors were supposed to go after death.

And still the wise men cannot tell who built the mounds. The Indians are reported to have said that they did not do it. They claimed that their fathers found these things here when they first came into the country.

It may be that other nations once held the land and left these monuments. If they did, they were not much further advanced in civilization than the Cherokees.

The Cherokees had but little civilization. They made a rude pottery, in which they heated water for cooking purposes by dropping hot stones into it. They made very good baskets of cane, which they sold to the white settlers. They were quite skillful with the bow, and long after their painted warriors had passed away, little Indian boys could be seen on the streets of our cities showing their ability to hit a silver dime at ten paces.

The Shawnee Indians once lived along the banks of the Cumberland river near its mouth. This was at the time the French explorers and traders visited the country. The Shawnees were a wandering people, and long before they were found by the French, at least a part of the tribe dwelt on the Savannah river far to the south. It has even been said that they once lived as far east as Virginia. They were driven away from the Cumberland at an early date by the Cherokees and the Chickasaws.

The Chickasaws had their hunting grounds in what is now West Tennessee. Their homes were further to the south, and mainly in northern Mississippi. They were generally friendly to the English-speaking race. A small tribe of Uchees once lived near the mouth of the Hiwassee river, but they were destroyed by the Cherokees.

How many boys and girls have seen anything that was left in this country by the Indians? Every little boy

who lives on a farm has certainly picked up flint arrow-heads in his father's fields. These are found all over the country, and were lost by the Indians when they were out hunting game. The longest one that you found may have killed a deer. How different the country around your home must have looked at that time!

You all know that after the first few frosts in the fall of the year there are several warm days, when the air seems filled with smoke. It used to be said that this was caused by the Indians, who were burning off the leaves to get chestnuts. We now know that this was not true, for "Indian Summer" comes as regularly as ever, but there are now no Indians here to burn off the leaves.

How the White People Came

As you all know, America was not the first home of the white race. In earliest times the white people lived in Asia. Then many of them went over into Europe. After they had spread over all that part of the world they began to cross the Atlantic ocean to America.

After Columbus discovered this country it took a long time to settle it. Nearly everybody who came over at first was hunting for gold or seeking some kind of adventure. Many of the first settlers were disappointed and went back home, and sometimes the settlements were broken up.

It took a long time to find out just what America was. Everybody thought at first that it was a part of Asia, and Columbus himself shared this belief during his lifetime. He died a disappointed and much-abused man, because he failed to find the riches of the Indies, which the country was supposed to contain.

When the kings of the European countries found out that a "New World" had really been discovered, they laid claim to all the land on the ground that navigators, whom they had sent out, explored certain parts of the coast. The rights of the Indians were never considered.

The next step was to divide the country up and hand it out, so to speak, just as a big pie is cut up and handed out at dinner. The kings gave most of it to their favorite

courtiers or to big trading companies. Even the Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, gave away great slices. In fact, he at first claimed the right to give it all away.

Queen Elizabeth of England was the first to dispose of Tennessee. She gave it to her favorite courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1584. You have doubtless heard how Sir Walter once pleased the queen by throwing down his fine cloak for her to walk upon when she had to cross a muddy place in the streets of London. This was possibly one reason why she gave him such a princely estate. Of course, the queen did not know that she was giving Tennessee to Sir Walter, for it was only an unknown part of the "heathen and barbarous land" that he was authorized to take possession of. Strange to say, the queen's wonderful gift was of no value to Raleigh whatever. He made a settlement on the coast of North Carolina, but it was soon abandoned. It may be well to remember that Virginia Dare, the first white native of our country, was born in this colony.

The kings of England continued to give away land in the "New World," and people kept coming over and going back with exciting accounts until the country was finally settled for good. How often Tennessee was given away in the meantime it would be hard to tell, yet we know that she was first a part of Virginia, but was cut off with Carolina in 1663. Thirty years later the latter was divided into North and South Carolina, in the former of which Tennessee remained. So our State may

be called the great-granddaughter of the Old Dominion.

The first English settlement in America that was not abandoned was made at Jamestown, in Virginia. This was in 1607, one hundred and fifteen years after America was discovered. From this little beginning, one settlement after another was made, until, about one hundred and twenty-five years after the first settlement, there were thirteen rather populous English colonies along the Atlantic coast.

The parts of the land by the sea and along the great rivers were naturally settled first. As more land was wanted, emigrants went further up the rivers and settled the higher lands. The work was very slow at first. It took more than one hundred and fifty years to people all the country east of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Scotch-Irish had come over from Ireland in great crowds and settled all along the eastern slopes of the great mountains in Virginia and North Carolina. They were hardy and brave. They made good pioneers, hunters, and Indian fighters.

A little before the time of our Revolutionary War, the country was settled pretty thickly as far as the foot of the mountains. The pressure soon became so great that waves of population began to flow over. The Scotch-Irish pioneers and men like Daniel Boone felt the need of more elbowroom, and they sought new hunting grounds and new homes beyond the mountains.

Spanish and French in Tennessee

The first white people to enter the present boundaries of Tennessee were the Spaniards under De Soto, about 1540 or 1541. They passed through the lands of the Cherokee Indians. This fact, with certain names and descriptions of places that they reported, has made some people think that they entered lower East Tennessee. Anyway, there is little doubt that De Soto touched the State at the site of the present city of Memphis. On account of his exploration the Spaniards for a long time claimed the southern part of the United States, including a part of Tennessee.

De Soto and his Spaniards had lain in their graves for more than a hundred years before other Europeans came. In 1673 Marquette (mär ket′) and Joliet (zhō lē ā′), two French explorers from Canada, passed down the Mississippi on a voyage of discovery. They thought the great river would carry them into the Pacific ocean. The Chickasaw Bluffs at Memphis were seen and described by them. They turned back at the mouth of the Arkansas river.

Nine years later, La Salle (lä säl), another French explorer, floated down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. On his way he built a cabin and a fort at the Chickasaw Bluffs. These were the first house and fort built in Tennessee. La Salle took possession of the

country in the name of the French monarch, Louis XIV, and in his honor called it Louisiana.

The French then claimed all the Mississippi Valley. New Orleans and other places were settled by them. In order to hold this territory, they built a chain of forts from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. They also established posts where they could trade with the Indians. In 1714 they fixed a trading post at the present site of Nashville.

In the meantime the English began to bestir themselves. They also had claimed the Mississippi Valley from the earliest times, and were unwilling to be confined to the little strip of land east of the Alleghany Mountains. So they sent Sir Archibald Cummings in 1730 to make a treaty with the Cherokees. The Indians agreed to help the English in opposing the French. In token of this they sent to the king of England a crown with five eagle feathers and four human scalps.

English settlers were crowding up into the mountains from the eastern colonies. Traders and hunters had already crossed over and made their way along the East Tennessee valleys. Dr. Thomas Walker came from Virginia in 1748 to explore the land. He passed through Cumberland Gap and far beyond into the wilderness of Kentucky. He named Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Mountains, and Cumberland river in honor of the Duke of Cumberland.

When English explorers passed over to the western side of the Alleghanies and drank at a spring or a stream

De Soto discovers the Mississippi

they said they had tasted French waters. This was because the French claimed all the land of the Mississippi Valley as far as the head of the mountain streams.

Our beautiful French Broad river got its name in this way. An explorer came up from the Carolinas by the head waters of the Broad river, which were owned by the English. Passing over the mountains, he came upon a similar stream. This he called the *French* Broad.

The struggle between the French and the English still went on. There were periods of peace, but these two nations had as many as four wars in colonial times. The fourth and great struggle began in 1754. It was called the French and Indian War, as you will learn from the study of United States history. It was to decide the ownership of the great Mississippi Valley. To help hold the Tennessee country against the French, the English in 1756 built Fort Loudon.

In the first period of the war the Cherokee Indians favored the English. They helped them to take Fort Du Quesne from the French, but on the way home they got into a difficulty with some Virginians, by whom a number of their warriors were slain. This made them enemies to the English and led to the capture of Fort Loudon.

The great struggle between the English and the French ended in 1763. The French were beaten and surrendered to the English the beautiful country east of the Mississippi river. Thus it was decided that Tennessee should become English instead of French. Can you imagine how it might have been if the victory had gone the other way?

Old Fort Loudon

Old Fort Loudon is noted in Tennessee history. It was the first structure erected by English people within the State. It stood on a bluff on the south bank of the Little Tennessee river only half a mile above the mouth of the Tellico. Fading lines of earthwork and some crumbling stones are still to be seen on the old site. Inside of the lines is an old well which gave water to the fort. These are now the only remains of this first outpost which our forefathers planted in the wilderness of Tennessee.

In 1756 the Earl of Loudon was governor of Virginia, by appointment of the king of England. He had command of the military forces, and thought the building of a fort necessary to protect his frontier and control the Indians, who were in danger of being won over to the support of the French in the great struggle then going on. So he sent Andrew Lewis to build a fort in the heart of the Cherokee nation. It was named Fort Loudon after the Virginia governor who ordered it to be built.

For a time after the fort was built, the Indians were quite friendly. Reports were carried back to the old colonies that the new land was very fertile and the climate delightful. This brought a crowd of settlers from Virginia and North Carolina, and quite a village sprang up around the new fort.

You must not think of this fort as having high walls of stone like the castles of Europe. It was, on the contrary, quite a crude affair. A line of earthworks was thrown up around four or five acres of ground. Upon the top of this, heavy timbers were set on end to form a wall perhaps ten or twelve feet high. At suitable places along this stockade cannon were planted. Inside the stockade cabins were built for the settlers.

As has been stated, the Indians were friendly at first. In fact, the fort had been built by their consent. After a while, as the settlers kept coming in and the number of armed men increased, the savages became jealous. It is probable also that the French had something to do with making them unfriendly to the English, and their encounter with the Virginians in returning from the capture of Fort Du Quesne doubtless made them even more hostile. Before two years had passed the Indians began to be very sulky. They were not so ready to bring corn and venison to the people in the fort. The old warriors had a grum look, and the settlers around the fort thought it best to sleep inside the walls at night. Matters finally settled down to a regular siege.

Fort Loudon was so very far from the old settlements that no help could be had from that source. As has been indicated, it was alone in the heart of the wilderness, and was the only English post west of the Great Smoky Mountains. There were no roads, and, of course, nobody ever traveled that way. It was therefore difficult to carry news of the sad plight of the fort and the great

need for help to the settlements in Virginia and North Carolina. Messengers were sent out, but before they got far the Indians killed them, or captured them and brought them back. The savages watched so closely that it was difficult to leave the fort without being seen, even at night.

Matters went from bad to worse until 1760, when the food in the fort was nearly all gone. For a whole month the people had little to eat but the flesh of their horses and dogs. They would have fared still worse had it not been for some friendly Indian women. These women stole in by a secret passage at night with a small supply of beans. Nancy Ward, who was always the friend of the white race, no doubt had much to do with this kind deed.

At length the people in the fort began to despair. The savages had become so hostile that an attack might be made at any time. Little hope of relief from home was left. They were slowly dying of starvation. Each day as the sun rose over the blue mountains their fate seemed to grow darker and more hopeless.

Finally a council was held, and it was agreed that they could do no more than give up the fort and trust themselves to the mercy of the Indians. Captain Stuart was sent to Chota to ask for terms. This town was about five miles up the river from the fort. It was the capital, and contained the council house in which the Indians decided all great questions. Captain Stuart

had many friends among the Indians, and it was supposed that he could make the best terms.

In due time Captain Stuart returned with the treaty. By the terms of this treaty the people of the fort were allowed to go back free to their friends in Virginia or the Carolinas. They could take their guns and other things necessary for the journey, and Indian hunters were to go along and kill such game as was needed on the march. The sick were to be cared for in the Indian towns. The fort, with its cannon, extra guns, powder, and ball, was to be turned over to the Indians.

To the poor, half-starved people these terms seemed very liberal, and they marched out happy in the belief that their troubles would soon be over. Although the treaty had been signed by two chiefs only, the whites did not expect any treachery on the part of the Indians.

Rejoicing over their good fortune, the settlers decided to go to Fort Prince George, in the Carolinas. The first day's march was directed towards the Great Smoky Mountains, and the party encamped for the night near a little Indian town on the Tellico plains. This spot is now in Monroe county.

The next morning about daylight a large body of Indians fell upon them and slaughtered men, women, and children. But few escaped. Two or three hundred were slain. It is said that the Indians afterwards made a fence of their bones. This was the end of Old Fort Loudon and of the first attempt to make an English settlement in Tennessee.

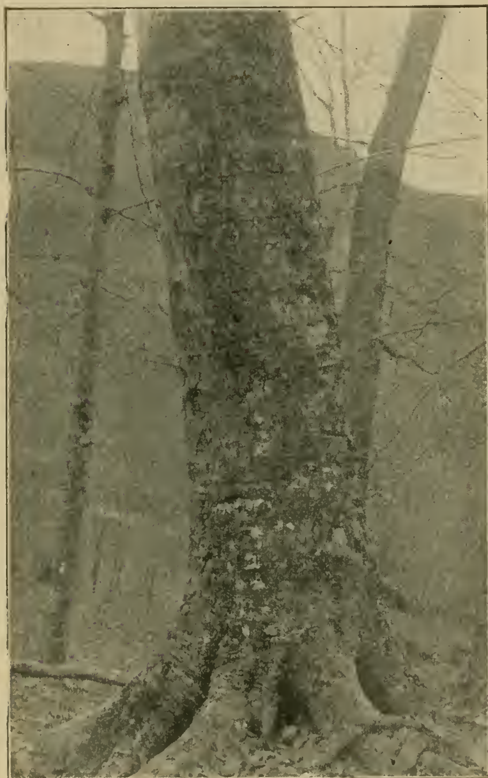
Traders and Hunters

Years before the first settlement in Tennessee solitary white men visited the Indian country for the purpose of trading with the savages. The Indians wanted rifles, and knives and hatchets made of steel, but they had no money to buy them. So the white men agreed that the Indians could pay for them with skins and fine furs which had been taken in the chase. This pleased the Indians so very much that, when not at war, they spent most of the time hunting. As a result great piles of deer hides and bear skins and the fine furs of the otter, the beaver, and other animals were offered in trade.

The traders were also pleased with the turn of affairs, since for one gun they could buy from the Indians enough fine furs to bring several hundred dollars in the markets of Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and other eastern cities.

These traders often lived many months, or even years, at the Indian towns, far away from their own people. They learned much about the habits and customs of the Indians, and often were able to give the white people notice when the savages were getting ready to go to war against the settlements. They finally sold many other kinds of goods besides guns and knives. Two of the

most noted traders among the Tennessee Indians were Doherty (about 1690) and Adair (about 1730).



The Daniel Boone tree as it now stands

In the course of time, when the settlements were nearer to the Indian country, the traders learned to be hunters themselves. You have all heard of Daniel Boone, the great explorer, who settled Kentucky. Nothing pleased him more than to make long journeys through the wilderness, where he could hunt game and fight Indians.

Boone came into Tennessee to hunt as early as 1760. He camped for some weeks on a little stream which runs into the Watauga. It

is in Washington county, and is known now as Boone's Creek.

One day Boone shot a bear on a beech tree near this creek. In order that the fact might be remembered, he took out his hunting knife and carved upon the smooth bark of the tree the following words:

D. Boon CillED A BAR OnTree in ThE yEAR 1760.

The tree stands eight miles from Jonesboro. It is now getting old and is fast going to decay, though the words can still be read.

While out taking game, the hunters often kept a lookout for good lands where they could settle and make new homes. In the year 1778 a party came from Kentucky and explored the country about Bledsoe's Lick, in Middle Tennessee. Here they planted a field of corn—the first planted by white men in that part of the State.

Later in the year, all members of the party, except a man named Spencer, said they were going back to Kentucky. The country pleased Spencer, and he decided to stay. He had no house, but he found a big hollow tree, and prepared to make himself comfortable in that.

One of the party, whose name was Holliday, had lost his knife, and did not like to undertake so long a journey through the wilderness without a knife. So Spencer went with him to the Barrens of Kentucky. Here he put his friend in the right path, and breaking his own knife into two equal parts, gave Holliday half of it and kept half himself. He then returned to his hollow tree, where he spent the winter all alone, contented and happy.

Spencer was a very large man. The track made by his foot looked like that of a giant. He of course did not stay shut up in his hollow tree all the time. One morning he was out hunting and he happened to pass near the place where a French hunter had pitched his camp. The hunter was away at the time, but he soon returned home, and, seeing the tracks of Spencer's big feet in the soft ground, he was terribly frightened. He thought there must be some monstrous giant near by who would devour him like a "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones." So he at once plunged into the river, and, swimming across, made his way as fast as possible through the woods to the French settlements on the Wabash, north of the Ohio river.

The Settlement of Watauga

The first permanent settlement in Tennessee was made in 1769. William Bean, from Virginia, built the first cabin in this settlement, and thus made himself forever remembered. His cabin was located on Boone's Creek near the Watauga river. Bean selected this place because he and Daniel Boone once had a hunting camp there and found much game in the neighborhood.

Other people came from Virginia about the same time and settled near Bean on the Watauga river. They were a part of the great front wave of population moving westward. Many others soon came from Wake county, North Carolina. Some were old soldiers who had seen the land when they were marching against the Indians. Russell Bean was the first child born in the new settlement and the first white child born in Tennessee.

About 1770 a settlement was made in Carter's Valley, fourteen or fifteen miles above where Rogersville now stands. This was a part of the Virginia settlement which had been extended down from the Wolf Hills.

Two years later a third settlement was made on the Nollichucky river by Jacob Brown, who came over the mountains from North Carolina. Brown brought a lot

of goods on a pack horse and opened up a store. The settlement sometimes went by the name of Brown's Settlement.

In 1771 the people of North Carolina were treated harshly by the governor whom the king of England had placed over them. Many rose in arms and tried to assert their rights. Failing in this, they left the country and came over the mountains to find new homes at Watauga.

At first the settlers on the Watauga thought they were in Virginia. So many of the people had come from Virginia and so many others had been treated badly in North Carolina that there was a greater love for Virginia. Every one hoped that before long he would be living under the laws of the Old Dominion.

But when a survey was made it showed that they were all living in North Carolina. They were so far from the other North Carolina settlements, however, that they could hope for no government from that quarter. Nor did they care very much to have it. As horse thieves and other bad characters were becoming very numerous and bold because of the lack of law, the people decided (1772) to set up a government of their own.

This government was called the Watauga Association. A sort of constitution, called Articles of Association, was drawn up and signed. Thirteen commissioners were elected. James Robertson, John Sevier, and William Bean were among the number chosen. The commissioners elected five men from their body to form a

court. These settled disputes and acted for the general good.

At the time Watauga was settled, the Cherokees had been weakened by wars with other Indians. Hence they did not at first offer strong resistance to the taking away of their lands by the new emigrants.

When the Revolutionary War came on, the Indians were easily persuaded by British agents to attack the American settlements. Captain Stuart, whose life was saved by Atta-kulla-kulla at the surrender of Fort Loudon, was now British sub-agent for the southwest. He caused the Cherokees to attack the Watauga settlements in 1776.

This war began with the killing of two white men, Boyd and Doggett, by the Indians. Through traders Nancy Ward sent word to the settlers at Watauga that the Indians were preparing for an attack. The settlers gathered into the larger forts and made everything ready to give the savages a warm reception. The smaller forts were destroyed.

The Indians came in two bodies. Each numbered three hundred and fifty braves. The first, under Dragging Canoe, marched to the attack of Fort Heaton, in the fork of the Holston river. They were routed by the whites, who came out and gave them battle at Island Flats. The other, under Old Abraham, besieged Fort Watauga for twenty days without success.

After awhile the settlers made peace with the Indians. More people moved in from the old settlements, and

population grew. The number of inhabitants was now about six hundred. The government was turned over to the State of North Carolina, and in 1777 the county of Washington was formed. It was as large as the present State of Tennessee.

A land office was soon opened. This was to give the people a chance to have farms of their own. Each man at the head of a family was allowed 640 acres of land free of charge. His wife could have 100 acres and each child 100 acres. The poorest man could thus become a large landholder at once. This caused a great many people to come to Watauga.

During the Revolutionary War the Watauga people were true patriots. Many of them had known in the old settlements what it was to suffer from the tyranny of the British. Some Tories, or people who sided with the British, came to the Nollichucky settlement about the beginning of the war. The Watauga men rode over one day and made them all take the oath of loyalty to the colonies. They indicted other Tories in their pioneer courts. The friends of King George soon found out that the western settlements were not a good place to come to.

New Homes in the Forest

The first settlers on the Watauga lived a very hard life. In coming over the mountains from their old homes in the East, they could not bring many things with them. There were no roads for wagons, and an axe, a rifle, and a few vessels for cooking were about all that the pack horses could carry.

The first thing the settlers did was to build a rude cabin near a clear spring of pure water. Good water was necessary, not only for drinking and cooking, but also for keeping butter and milk and fresh meats cool and sweet in warm weather. The result was that the people lived apart wherever the springs happened to be, just as we find them living to-day. In time of war, however, they came together in forts, or stockades, to protect themselves against the Indians.

While they were waiting for the cabin to be built, the family camped in the woods. Here they made fires against a tree or a great log, and slept on beds of leaves under an arbor made of thick branches of pine or cedar.

Every man had an axe, and this was, except in rare cases, the only tool he had with which to build his house. With the axe trees were cut down, and thus an opening was made in the forest for the new home.

The first cabin was built of round logs. Sometimes the logs were "scalped," as it was called; that is, they were hewn roughly with a common axe. The hard earth served for a floor, or flat pieces of timber, called punch-

eons, were split out for this purpose. The roof was formed of rough clapboards, held in place by straight logs of wood. A rude door was cut in the south side of the house, and a small, high window in the north side. The shutters for the doors and windows were made of slabs like those that formed the floor. They were fastened by a peg or a wooden latch.

For many years the household furniture was of the crudest kind. A bed was made by sticking two poles into a crack in the wall and resting the opposite ends in two rough forks cut from the branches of trees. On these were laid flat boards, which supported a bedtick filled with leaves or straw. The feathers of wild pigeons, geese, or ducks were used later to make beds.

There were no fine bureaus, washstands, and sofas such as you now see. The clothes were hung upon wooden pegs fastened in the walls around the room. For a long time the best piece of furniture was a rude chest, which contained the best clothes and the family treasures. Later, trunks were made by covering a box with the skins of animals, the hair being on the outside.

No bricks could be had, and the chimneys were made of wood lined with rough, flat stones and soft clay. The fireplaces were very large and deep. Fuel was easy to get, and big fires were the rule. As much as half a wagonload of wood could be piled on at one time. When the fire burnt low, the children sometimes stood inside the jambs and looked out at the clouds as they floated overhead.

Robertson at Watauga

James Robertson came to Tennessee from North Carolina in 1770. He spent the first summer at Watauga and made a crop. A man named Honeycut furnished him food. This was the year after William Bean built the first cabin.

After Robertson had gathered his crop, he started back to North Carolina. In crossing the mountains he got lost, and wandered about in the wilderness for fourteen days. The frequent showers of rain made his powder wet, so he could shoot no game. Finally, being forced to climb a very steep mountain, he had to leave his horse and go on foot. When reduced to a starving condition, he met two hunters, who gave him food, and thus saved his life. He reached home in safety, and soon returned with other settlers to Watauga.

In 1774 a select company of Watauga volunteers fought with the Virginians in the battle of Point Pleasant. Robertson was among the number. They had marched for twenty-five days through the pathless wilderness. On the 10th of October they lay sleeping in the woods with the Virginia army at the mouth of the Kanawha river.

Just before day Robertson and a friend arose and went out to kill a deer for breakfast. They met a large

army of Indians stealing upon the camp. Firing upon their foes, they hurried back to arouse the sleeping army. The battle quickly began and raged all day with increasing vigor. A tempest of bullets rained among the trees, and the ground was soon covered with the slain.

As the sun went down, the Watauga volunteers crept into the rear of the enemy. Their deadly aim put the Indians to flight, and the victory was won. In both the beginning and the end of the battle Robertson helped to save the day.

When Fort Watauga was attacked by the Cherokees under Old Abraham in 1776, Robertson was in command. As before stated, this was during our Revolutionary War. Robertson had only forty men with whom to oppose more than three hundred savages.

The siege lasted three weeks, during which time Indian bullets rattled against the fort by day and by night. Robertson was always on the alert. Not a man who stayed in the fort was injured. The number of Indians killed was much larger than the number of men in the fort.

Old Abraham finally gave up the contest and led his warriors back to the Tellico. He had heard that an army of relief for the fort was coming from Virginia. A young man named Moore, who had ventured out of the fort, was carried away by the Indians and burned alive at one of their towns.

Robertson won great praise by his able defence of Fort Watauga. He was a plain man and had little edu-

cation; yet his good sense and firm character made him a strong leader. His bravery was unquestioned, though he did not have the dash of Sevier (se veer′). He was more like Washington.

The attempt to capture Fort Watauga was part of a general attack by the Indians on the whole southern frontier. It was the purpose of the British leaders to have the Indians thus harass the Americans in the rear, while their troops should attack Charleston and other points on the seacoast.

When the Americans learned that the Indians were on the warpath they at once prepared to punish the red-skins by invading their country. Colonel Christian, of Virginia, led the little army. Robertson joined him with the Watauga volunteers. They took the old war trail for the Cherokee towns on the Tellico. After marching two hundred miles in hot August weather, they met about 2,000 Indians at the crossing of the French Broad. On their approach the Indians took fright and fled. The whites crossed the river and found the deserted camp. They pressed on rapidly and took and destroyed every Indian town except Chota. This was spared, as it was the home of Nancy Ward, the friend of the white race.

Most of the Indians were ready for peace. Dragging Canoe, chief of the Chickamaugas, alone held out for war. In April of the next year he took a party of Indians to Robertson's barn on the Watauga and stole ten of his finest horses.

The next morning Robertson pursued the thieves and

recaptured his horses. Dragging Canoe, however, soon rallied his scattered forces and vigorously attacked Robertson and his party. Though largely outnumbered, the whites beat the Indians off and reached home in safety. Peace was soon made, and, as agent for North Carolina, Robertson afterwards lived for some time among the Cherokees at Chota.

II

James Robertson had great influence with the Indians. The Watauga settlers wanted a better title to their lands. So Robertson and John Boone were asked to bargain for it with the Cherokees. For some muskets and other articles they secured an eight-year lease of all the Watauga country.

A large number of Indians was present at Watauga on this occasion. After the contract had been signed, the settlers thought they would give the Indians a season of enjoyment. They arranged ball games, dances, and foot races. Both whites and Indians engaged in these games.

In the midst of this festivity and good will, a rifle shot was heard, and one of the Indians fell dead. No one then knew who did the wicked deed. It was afterward found to have been done by a man named Crabtree. He was from the Wolf Hills in Virginia.

The Indians were so enraged by this murder that they left at once for their homes on the Tellico and Little

Tennessee rivers. The settlers knew that the savages would soon begin a bloody war of revenge unless they could be pacified.

Robertson said he would go to Tellico and see what could be done, even at the risk of his life. Having kissed his wife and child good-by, he mounted his horse and rode away into the wilderness. He took the great war-path which led directly to the Indian nation. It went through what is now the heart of East Tennessee.

As he traveled alone through the dark woods, Robertson saw traces everywhere of a large number of warriors who had hurried on before him. On the second day he met Isaac Thomas, an Indian trader. Thomas had been sent by Nancy Ward to warn the settlers of their danger.

Thomas turned back and went with Robertson to the Indian nation. He thought he could help Robertson to pacify the Indians. Having reached the Little Tennessee river, they turned aside from the great war trail and directed their steps to Chota, the capital, where the great chief Oconostota lived.

Night had come on before they reached the place. As they rode down the only street of the town, all was dark save a few glimmering lights in the Indian cabins. Robertson knew that his life was in great danger.

A young Indian warrior, whom they had met outside of town, was sent forward to tell the great chief that Robertson was coming. Oconostota returned words of welcome to the paleface chief. He said he would hear

Robertson the next day at a great council of the nation.

Robertson went home with Thomas and stayed all night. Thomas's house was a log cabin one-and-a-half stories high. It was filled with all kinds of traders' goods. Robertson saw all around him piles of traps, powder and lead, bright colored beads, and cloth. There was every kind of cheap, flashy trinkets that would attract the Indian eye.

As Robertson sat in the door of the trader's cabin the next morning, large crowds of Indians passed by. They were on their way to the great council house. They were armed and had on their war paint. Their dark countenances told Robertson plainly that he would have hard work to ward off the storm that was coming.

At noon a messenger came. He said that Oconostota was waiting in the midst of his warriors at the council house and would receive the paleface chief. Robertson was brought into his presence with great ceremony. He saw many warriors whom he had met at Watauga.

Robertson knew that his own life and the lives of his people depended upon his action. He was surrounded by half-naked savages who stood ready to avenge the blood of a fellow-warrior. Yet he was undaunted, and showed not a single emotion.

The Indians seemed astonished. They wondered at the moral courage of the man. For a few moments there was silence. Then the great chief Oconostota arose and bade Robertson to speak; he and his warriors were ready to hear.

Robertson spoke plainly and with perfect sincerity. He showed them that the man who killed the young warrior did not belong to the Watauga people; that the culprit would certainly be taken and punished. His own people, he continued, desired peace with all men, and especially with their friends, the brave Cherokees.

The savages listened in silence. Now and then an old warrior signified approval by a deep-toned "Ugh!" As Robertson closed his talk, the dark cloud lifted from their brows. Oconostota arose and said: "What our white brother tells us is like the truth. Are not his words good? What say my brothers?"

"They are good," was the reply on all sides. The Indians then crowded around and took Robertson's hand in token of friendship. They asked him to stay some time in their town and enjoy himself. This Robertson thought it best to do, for he wanted to establish a lasting friendship.

During his stay, Robertson visited Nancy Ward, the prophetess of the tribe. Her will was supreme; it stood above even that of Oconostota himself. Though she was a friend of the white race, she did not lose the confidence and respect of her own people. Her power was always on the side of peace and right.

Robertson soon returned to his own people on the Watauga. He brought the happy news that there would be no war. There was an unbroken peace for four years.

The Coming of Sevier

John Sevier is the most brilliant character in our early State history. On his father's side, he was of French descent. The family was of ancient lineage, and Sevier showed in his character the traits of his distinguished ancestry.

The Seviers were French Protestants, called Huguenots. They did not agree with the religion that was established in France, and had to leave that country. The head of the family settled first in London. This was John Sevier's grandfather. The family name had been spelt Xavier. It was now changed to Sevier.

Valentine Sevier, John Sevier's father, was born in London. He came to America about 1740 and settled in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. While living here, he was married to a Baltimore lady. His son John was born in 1744—some say 1745.

In early years, as well as later, John Sevier liked an active life. He went to school and got a fair education, but he learned more from men than from books. It was his early ambition to be a soldier. Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, soon appointed him a captain in the colonial army. Washington was a colonel in the same corps.

The Seviers lived on the frontier and soon learned the habits of pioneer life. John Sevier was an Indian

fighter even in his boyhood. His success in fighting the redskins attracted Governor Dunmore's attention and secured for him the office of captain. At a little more than seventeen years of age, Sevier married, laid out a town, and became the leading merchant in it. He always believed in doing things with a rush.

Some time later the Seviers settled on the Holston in what is now Sullivan county, Tennessee. In the spring of 1772, John Sevier visited one of his brother officers, Captain Evan Shelby, on his cattle farm at King's Meadow, now called Bristol. He there learned of the little Watauga settlement so wonderfully hid away in the mountain wilderness, and he determined to see it.

Robertson had been at Watauga two years. He was the leading man of the settlement, and had the most commodious home. One morning three strangers rode up to his house, which stood on an island in the Watauga river. One of the men was John Sevier, and the others were Evan Shelby and his son Isaac. Thus four men noted in our early history were thrown together for the first time.

Though Sevier's prospects for wealth and position in the older settlements east of the mountains were excellent, he decided to cast his lot with the settlers on the Watauga. Why he should have done this is hard to tell. An Invisible Power sometimes seems to direct the destinies of individuals as well as of nations.

Sevier's home in the new settlement was made of logs. It had six rooms, all on the ground floor. Everything

was planned for convenience. Wood was plentiful and the fireplaces were ample. Here he lived with his wife and his three sons, and made welcome all who came.

Sevier became a popular leader at once, but there was no jealousy between him and Robertson. Sevier put Robertson in front and he followed. They were both prominent in organizing the Watauga government. Sevier was present when Robertson treated with the Cherokees for a lease of the Watauga lands. When Robertson went to the Cherokee nation to pacify the Indians, Sevier was building Fort Watauga as a defence. When the Watauga volunteers went to help the Virginians at Point Pleasant, Sevier took again his old office of captain, and Robertson cheerfully served under him as sergeant. Sevier was present at Sycamore Shoals when Henderson bargained for land with the Cherokees.

Indeed, Sevier was so prominent in everything that took place at Watauga after his arrival there, that to give an account of his acts is to give the history of the settlement. In 1776 he joined in the petition for annexation to North Carolina, and himself wrote the petition. He then went as a delegate to North Carolina to revise the State Constitution.

Sevier was one of the leaders under Robertson in the defence of Fort Watauga against the attack of Old Abraham. It was on this occasion that Catharine Sherrill escaped from the Indians by jumping over the walls of

the fort and falling into Sevier's arms. Other deeds of Sevier will be mentioned in future chapters. He was a popular leader from the start, though he did not become famous till the battle of King's Mountain.

Catharine Sherrill

Catharine Sherrill was the daughter of one of the first settlers on the Watauga. She was tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair, clear skin, and a neck that was said to be like that of the swan. She was one of the handsomest as well as one of the best and bravest girls in the settlement.

The wild ways of this new country seemed to suit her. She enjoyed the free life of the forest, with its spice of danger from Indians and wild animals. It was told of her that she could run like a deer and easily spring over a fence six rails high by putting her hands on the top rail.

In the year 1776, when Catharine was about twenty years old, a party of Cherokee Indians made an attack upon Fort Watauga, as you have already learned. Nancy Ward had sent scouts to inform her white friends that the Indians were coming, and so most of the settlers were gathered into the fort. But early one morning, before the Indians were expected, several women went out of the fort to milk some cows. Among these women was Catharine Sherrill. All at once, the war whoop sounded, and the women ran with all their might toward the fort. Catharine happened to be the furthest away. Though she darted forward with the speed of the wind, she saw the Indians getting between her and the gate.

Catharine Sherrill's Escape

John Sevier was in the fort, and seeing Catharine's great danger, rushed out of the gate with several other men to beat the Indians back and rescue the brave girl. Knowing that Sevier could do nothing against three hundred savages, his friends called him back and began firing upon the Indians with their rifles.

It was a race for life, and Catharine, seeing no other chance to make good her escape, turned and ran down the other side of the fort. The wooden wall of the stockade was eight feet high, but with one mighty spring Catharine reached the top and fell over into the arms of John Sevier.

The other women came in through the gate and escaped without harm. The Indians kept up the attack upon the fort for twenty days. The white people were safe behind their strong walls, but many of the Indians were killed. The bullets of the savages rattled against the fort like hailstones, but did no more harm. Finally the Indians left and went back to their homes on the Tellico river.

Now what do you suppose became of Catharine Sherrill? Four years later she was the wife of John Sevier. The wedding took place at Sevier's new home on the Nollichucky. His first wife had died and Catharine was his second. Through a long life she was his faithful companion and helpmeet, but never did they forget the thrilling moment when she fell into his arms from the top of the fort, and he called her for the first time his "Bonnie Kate."

The Tennessee Pocahontas

You have all heard of Pocahontas, the Indian girl who saved the life of Captain John Smith in Virginia. She was the white man's friend. Nancy Ward was our Tennessee Pocahontas. She, also, was the white man's friend, and did all that she could to promote peace and good will between the white man and the red man.

Nancy was the daughter of an English officer named Ward. Her mother was of royal Cherokee blood, being the sister of the vice-king, Atta-kulla-kulla.

Nancy's home was at Chota, on the north bank of the Tellico river. This town was the capital of the Cherokee nation and also a city of refuge to which those who had done some great crime fled in order to escape harm.

Nancy was called a prophetess because it was thought that she made known the will of the Great Spirit and could look into the future and tell what was going to happen. Her wigwam was larger than the rest and stood near that of the chief, not far from the great council house where meetings were held to decide upon war or peace. Her style of living was rather grand, and she kept as a charm before her door the form of an otter in the coils of a water snake.

Two white men once came up the Tellico river to trade with the Indians for corn. In some way they fell

into a quarrel with a crowd of bad Indians, and were about to be killed. Nancy Ward heard of this and rushed to the spot to save the white men. "These men are our brothers," said she. "You must not ill-treat them." This order was obeyed at once. At her further command the white men's canoes were filled with corn. They then rowed back down the river and told everybody they met about Nancy Ward, the "beloved woman."

The Indians once made a raid upon the Watauga settlement, as you have already learned, and came to the house of William Bean. His wife had been a friend to the Indians, and did not run to the fort for safety. She thought she would not be harmed, but in this she was mistaken.

Mrs. Bean was carried away to the Indian towns on the Tellico. There it was decided that she should be burned alive. She was tied to a stake on the top of a high mound, but as the fire was being kindled around her, Nancy Ward rushed to the place and ordered her release.

Dragging Canoe, the great chief of the Chickamaugas, opposed Nancy, but her power was great enough to overcome this opposition. Mrs. Bean was not only set free, but had a guard to protect her on her way back to her husband and children on the Watauga.

Whenever the Indians began the war dance and were getting ready to make an attack upon the white settlements, Nancy Ward at once sent Isaac Thomas, the In-

dian trader, or some other trusted messenger, to inform the settlers of the coming danger. So true was Nancy Ward that she was known far and wide as the white man's friend. At one time, when John Sevier and other leaders had made a raid upon the Indian towns and were destroying everything before them, they arrived at Chota. "This town," said they, "must not be burned. It is the home of Nancy Ward, the friend of the white race." All the other towns were burned, but Chota was spared.

The First Battle of Chickamauga

There was a battle of Chickamauga long before the Civil War. At that time most of the East Tennessee country was a wilderness and inhabited by wild beasts and Indians. The white people lived only along the Watauga and in neighboring parts of upper East Tennessee. The Chickamauga Indians lived at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek and along the banks of the Tennessee river where it runs around Lookout Mountain.

The Chickamaugas were a bandit tribe. They were a branch of the Cherokees, but had Creek blood in their veins. Their villages were the resort of all kinds of white and red outlaws and murderers.

These Indians made frequent raids into the settlements to rob and to murder the whites. Then they retired for safety into the mountain fastnesses, where they could not be overtaken by their pursuers. They even took refuge in caves of the mountains. It was said that the famous Nick-a-jack cavern, which opens on the bank of the Tennessee river, was large enough to contain the whole tribe.

During the Revolutionary War the Chickamaugas were very troublesome to the white settlers. The British incited them, along with other tribes, to deeds of vio-

lence, and furnished them with guns and ammunition. They were to make war upon the settlers from the rear while the British soldiers should come in at the front on the Atlantic seaboard.

In the latter part of 1778 Savannah was taken by a British force and communication was opened up with the Indian tribes in the interior of the country. John Sevier was on the alert, and soon discovered that the Chickamaugas had received into their towns a large supply of ammunition and other war materials.

The Chickamauga chief at that time was the celebrated Dragging Canoe. The British supplies were sent to him because greater security and secrecy could be had among the Chickamaugas than among the Cherokees, who lived under their chief Oconostota in their towns on the Tellico and the Little Tennessee rivers.

Before the winter was over, Dragging Canoe made an attack upon the settlements. Sevier knew that this was only the forerunner of a general bloody onslaught when the summer days should come. He saw, further, that the only way to prevent this was to strike the Indians at once in their strongholds. They far outnumbered any force he could muster, and could be defeated with small loss to the whites only by attacking them unawares and while unprepared.

Sevier went at once to consult the Shelbys at King's Meadows. They all agreed upon a plan. An overland attack was thought to be out of the question. Nobody knew "the lay of the land," and before the troops could

force their way into the Indian strongholds, they would be discovered and repulsed. The best way was to attack by water and make an immediate assault upon the towns lying along the river banks.

There were plenty of men for the expedition, but no boats and no supplies; nor were the struggling colonies in a condition to contribute any. Isaac Shelby finally agreed to furnish the funds and risk getting back his money from the capture of the British spoils. All right! That settled it!

II.

Sevier was now ready to organize the expedition. A kind of boat yard was opened at the mouth of Big Creek on the Holston. This was a few miles above the present town of Rogersville. Here Sevier gathered his men from all quarters of the backwoods settlements. They came in their hunting shirts and buckskin trousers with their axes and their long Deckard rifles in their hands. It was all voluntary; no man ever refused to respond to the call of Sevier.

For miles around, the woods were soon ringing with the sound of their axes and the crashing of the giant poplars as they fell thundering to the earth. The trunks of these trees were quickly hollowed out and fashioned into long canoes. Flatboats and barges were also constructed. In an incredibly short time one hundred or more of these rude vessels were afloat upon the placid waters of the Holston.

Before the woods were in full leaf, the little fleet had been scantily provisioned, and, with seven or eight hundred soldiers on board, was sailing rapidly downstream. As the spring tide was on, the river current shot the boats like arrows down the broad highway of waters, fringed on either side with submerged brushwood, swirling eddies, and clinging drift.

The expedition was known as Shelby's expedition. Though most of the troops had been raised in the Watauga settlement by Sevier, yet Evan Shelby was the senior officer, and to him had been accorded the chief command.

They were entering what was to them practically an unknown wilderness. There was only one man in all the army who had sailed down these waters. This was a man named Hudson. He acted as pilot, and gave out blood-curdling stories of dangerous shoals and roaring rapids which threatened them with almost certain destruction.

The swift flood carried them nearly a hundred miles a day. The country through which they passed was wild, and green, and silent. Not a trace of civilization had yet disturbed the dominion of nature. At the mouth of the French Broad they met another rolling flood which came down from the Great Smokies. Four miles below they passed some beautifully wooded hills, from which numerous springs of clear water were bursting forth—the site of the future Knoxville. In the thick darkness of night, with bated breath, they floated silently past the

mouth of the Little Tennessee, on whose banks not far away lived Oconostota and his savage warriors. In three days the little fleet had passed the mouth of the Clinch, and continuing down the big Tennessee was at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek and in the enemy's country.

They soon captured an Indian, from whom it was learned that the home of Dragging Canoe was in a nearby village. The captive was made to act as guide. Owing to the high waters, the boats came close to the town without being discovered. The guide led Shelby and Sevier's men to Dragging Canoe's quarters. The wily chief and his braves, taken completely by surprise, fled to the mountains, leaving nearly fifty of their men dead on the ground.

This occurred early in the morning of the 13th of April, 1779. The British ammunition and stores were seized and the village was burned. Before the day had closed, eleven other villages had been destroyed and their inhabitants put to flight. Following his usual course, Sevier ordered that all the corn be destroyed, and thus the Indians were left without any sustenance whatever—even without powder to shoot game. This was Sevier's sure plan for stopping their attacks upon the settlements. They would have to raise another crop of corn and secure more powder and lead before they could again carry on war.

The object of the expedition having been effected, the next thing was to devise the best means of getting back

home. As the boats could not be forced upstream on account of the swift current, it was decided to return by land. They had taken one hundred and fifty horses in the Chickamauga towns. Upon these they loaded the British spoils, which were valued at $100,000, and set out through the pathless wilderness for home. In less than a month they were back upon the Watauga without the loss of a man.

Fighting the Invader

The defeat of General Gates at Camden marked the darkest period in the American Revolution. After that the British and Tories overran the Carolinas, and American independence seemed lost. The British commander, Ferguson, marched as far as the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains and threatened to come over and destroy the patriot settlements around Watauga and hang their leaders.

This news was brought by Samuel Phillips, a paroled prisoner. It first reached Shelby in Sullivan county. He at once rode sixty miles to see John Sevier. They talked the matter over for two days, and decided to raise an army and go over the mountains to meet Ferguson.

Shelby and Sevier had their consultation about the last of August, 1780. Runners were sent to notify the militia to meet, September 25th, at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga. When the day arrived, all the men were there, many with their wives, children, fathers, and mothers. Double the number of men wanted were ready to go. It was necessary that at least half the able-bodied soldiers should stay at home to man the forts and guard against Indian attacks.

There was no lack of patriotic zeal. One mother said: "Here, Mr. Sevier, is another of our boys who wants to

go with his father and brother to the war, but we have no horse for him." The boy was only sixteen years old!

Sevier tried to borrow money on his own account to equip the troops, but all the money in the settlement had been spent for land. Finally John Adair, the entry-taker, let him have nearly $13,000 from the land office.

Colonel William Campbell had been sent for, and was present with four hundred Virginians. Colonel Shelby brought two hundred and forty men from Sullivan county. Colonel Sevier selected an equal number from Washington county. A large number of refugee patriots from North Carolina were also present and ready to march under Colonel McDowell.

The strongest and the best equipped men had been chosen. Nearly all were armed with the famous Deckard rifles made at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. These guns were noted for their accuracy and long range.

All day the crowd surged to and fro under the great trees and increased in size. Scarcely a family in the settlement stayed away. The preparations extended far into the night.

Early next morning, the riflemen who had been selected to go formed in line. A minister was present and asked the Divine guidance and blessing. Some say it was good old Doctor Doak, but of this we are not sure. Good-bys were then said and the troops mounted and rode off up the Gap Creek valley.

At the head of the valley, the army took Bright's trail across Yellow Mountain. Each soldier was dressed in a

hunting shirt, and, besides his rifle, carried a tomahawk and a hunting knife. There was no particular order of march. The men rode along in a straggling line as best suited their convenience.

There was no baggage train and there were no supply wagons. The army started with some beef cattle, but the march was so rapid that these were soon left behind. There was not even a surgeon to dress wounds. In their haversacks the men had some parched corn, and they expected to kill game in the woods as they marched along or pick up what food they could in the settlements. At night they wrapped themselves in their blankets and slept under the trees.

As they came down to the foothills east of the mountains, they began to meet straggling bands of American troops who were trying to keep out of the way of the British. They soon arrived within about sixteen miles of Gilbert Town, where they heard that Ferguson had camped. Shelby said that they should attack the enemy at once, and for this purpose they elected Colonel Campbell to take the chief command.

In the meantime, Ferguson learned of their approach and took up a line of march eastward. He aimed to join the army of Cornwallis, which lay at Charlotte. Ferguson urged the Tories to unite with him and drive back the mountain men. He also sent to Cornwallis for further aid.

After a number of marches, Ferguson encamped on a small, mound-like ridge. In honor of his monarch, he

called it King's Mountain. There he waited for reinforcements from Cornwallis.

When the patriot army reached Gilbert Town, Ferguson had left. They at once started in pursuit. In order to march more rapidly, and be sure to overtake Ferguson, it was decided, after one day's march, to pick out the best-equipped riflemen. These were to push ahead, while the footmen and those poorly mounted would come on more slowly.

The officers spent all night in selecting the proper men. At daybreak they set out on Ferguson's trail with nine hundred and ten choice soldiers. They heard that six hundred Tories had gathered near by, but the mountain men were after larger game, and kept straight ahead. They were in the saddle day and night for thirty-six hours, except one short halt for refreshments.

Every hour the trail became fresher and the patriots hurried eagerly on. A small body of South Carolina troops under Colonel Williams joined them on the way. The pursuit lasted three days. The morning of the battle it rained heavily, and the soldiers had hard work to keep their powder dry. About noon the clouds cleared away and they came in sight of Ferguson's camp.

II

Stragglers from the enemy's camp reported that Ferguson would march to join Cornwallis the next morning. It was therefore decided to make an attack at once. Each soldier was ordered to pick the touchhole of his gun and

put in fresh priming. The officers had a swift consultation, and decided to surround the mountain and make an assault on all sides at the same time.

The patriot army rode in a gallop to the foot of the mountain and there dismounted. They were tired and hungry and covered with mud, but there was no time for delay. Leaving their horses in charge of a small guard, the lines formed and marched on foot around the mountain to the places assigned them.

Sevier's and Winston's men drew the first fire from the enemy, and soon the fighting became general. The Americans gave the Indian war whoop as they advanced to the attack, and the British thought they were surrounded by a host of howling demons. Ferguson had boasted that all the powers of darkness could not drive him from the mountain, and his men now began to think he would have a chance to prove it.

At some points the British regulars charged the Americans with fixed bayonets and drove them back down the slopes. The riflemen carried no bayonets, and had to give way till they could reload. They then rallied and began to pick off the British and Tories from the top of the mountain as if they were shooting squirrels. The slaughter was dreadful.

The red coats of the British were a shining mark for the Deckard rifles. So many of the British regulars were killed that they could not be rallied for another charge. Ferguson then ordered the Tories to trim the handles of their butcher knives and insert them in the

muzzles of their muskets. This they did, and another charge was made, but with weakened effect.

Ferguson rode bravely along his lines encouraging his men. Some fired from behind their baggage wagons, which were used as breastworks. Others were ordered to charge on horseback, but they were shot down by the riflemen as fast as they mounted. Ferguson gave his commands by means of a shrill whistle, which could be constantly heard above the din and roar of the battle.

A Tory raised a flag of truce, but Ferguson pulled it down. Another white flag appeared and he cut it down with his sword. The Americans admired Ferguson's bravery, but saw that his life stood between them and victory. He soon fell from his horse, pierced by six patriot bullets.

By this time the British and Tories were so huddled together from the pressure on all sides that they were shot down by wholesale. Captain DePoyster, the next officer in command after Ferguson, raised a flag of surrender and cried out for quarter.

The victory was complete. The battle lasted only an hour and five minutes. The British force numbered eleven hundred and twenty-five men. When the smoke lifted from the mountain, two hundred and twenty-five British and Tories lay dead among the trees. One hundred and eighty others were wounded. None escaped. The prisoners were so numerous that the Americans were at their wit's end as to how they should guard them. A thousand stand of arms and much booty had

also to be cared for. The patriot loss was only thirty killed and about twice that number wounded.

That night the stars looked down upon a heartrending scene. The mountain was slippery with blood. Scattered among the dead, the wounded still lay begging for water and moaning with pain. There were no facilities for treating wounds. Only one surgeon could be found in both armies.

Colonel Williams, of South Carolina, had been shot down in attempting to reach Ferguson. He lived long enough to be told that the latter had been killed and his army defeated. "Then," said he, "I die contented."

The battle was fought on Saturday, October 7th. The next morning the Sabbath sun rose gloriously. The early part of the day was spent by the patriots in the solemn duty of burying the dead. They then burned the wagon train and the baggage of the enemy, and started on their return to Watauga.

This great victory was the turning point in the struggle for American liberty. After this the Americans scarcely lost a battle. Thomas Jefferson afterward said that it set the seal to our independence. John Sevier was now the hero of Watauga, and every true Tennessean feels proud of what his ancestors did at King's Mountain.

The First Teacher

When the first settlements in our State were being made, there was not much chance for going to school. Everybody was busy cutting down trees, building houses, and fighting Indians. The children were at work, too. The boys had to pile up the brush to be burned and carry wood for the big fireplaces. The girls had to milk the cows, and churn the butter, and help their mothers cook around the great kitchen fire.

But this state of affairs could not last. The people believed in education. There were very few of them who could not read and write. They had been in school at their old homes east of the mountains. Now they wanted schools for their children.

At first it was very hard to get teachers. The teachers did not come out into the new country with the first settlers. They did not think the wilderness was a good place in which to start schools. It was all right for hunting deer and fighting Indians, but not the place for books and study.

Yet somebody was soon found to teach. In about ten years after Bean built the first cabin on the Watauga, Rev. Samuel Doak started a school of high grade in Washington county. He built his own schoolhouse out of logs. This was about the year 1780. The school was

called Martin Academy. It was the first high school started west of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Dr. Doak was a very learned man. He was born in Augusta county, Virginia. When he was a boy, he had a great desire to get an education. His parents were not rich, and the necessary money was hard to get. But young Doak did not give up. He worked very hard, and at last graduated at the College of New Jersey. He then began to teach.

It soon came into Doak's mind that he ought to be a minister. So while he was teaching school, he began to study such books as would prepare him to preach. He finished these studies in Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia. He was a tutor in the college at the time. He was a preacher when he came to Tennessee, and he built a log church at the same time that he built his log schoolhouse.

In those days it was quite common for a man to be a preacher and a teacher at the same time. He could preach on Saturday and Sunday and teach the rest of the week. Some of the best teachers were also preachers, and did a great deal of good in that way.

In those wild, rough days it was also necessary to fight as well as to teach and to preach. So the ministers carried their guns to church and stood them up in the pulpit before they took their texts and began their sermons. The people in the congregation also sat with their shot pouches and powderhorns slung over their

shoulders, and kept their guns lying in the pew or on the floor.

The good Dr. Doak always went armed to church. As he held his Bible in his hand, his gun was never out of reach. We are told that, while he was preaching one Sunday, some one suddenly ran into the little church and cried out, "Indians! Indians! Ragsdale's family is murdered!" Dr. Doak stopped his sermon at once. He then made a short prayer, in which he asked God to be with them, and, calling upon the men to follow, he led them away to battle.

The State of Franklin

When the Revolutionary War came to an end, the new American government found itself greatly in debt. Nor was this all. The government had been formed in such a loose way that it had no power to levy taxes for the payment of its debts.

Many plans were proposed for getting out of this difficulty. At last the Federal Congress asked that all the States owning public lands should give these to the general government. The latter would then sell the lands and not only pay its own debts, but also the debts which the States had incurred in helping to carry on the war.

North Carolina agreed to this plan. In 1784 her legislature, sitting at Hillsboro, ceded to the United States all her lands west of the Alleghany Mountains. The national government was allowed two years in which to accept the gift. In the meantime North Carolina would govern the territory, and, if the gift should not be finally accepted, the property would revert to her.

When the people on the Watauga and in the other settlements heard what had been done, they were much displeased. They said they had not been consulted about the matter. They were also wrongly informed about the details, and thought that they should have no gov-

ernment for two years. As the Federal authorities at that time had no fixed plan for governing national territory and admitting new States, the western people also felt uncertain as to what would be their fate.

There ought not to have been any misunderstanding, for the members of the legislature from west of the mountains were present at Hillsboro when the act ceding the territory was passed, and they voted for it. It was also generally understood that the western country would at some time be formed into a new State. This had been provided for in the constitution of North Carolina.

The fact was that there had never been good feeling between the new settlements and the mother State. Each was disposed to be contrary and to do the opposite of what the other proposed. Thus it seems that large bodies of people, and even States, may behave no better than cross children.

The people west of the mountains said that the State always treated them as if they were stepchildren. She grumbled when she had to pay out money for their benefit. She did not allow them a sufficient number of courts or proper military organization to defend themselves against the Indians. And now, to add insult to injury, the land office was ordered closed so that no more land could be bought. Yet North Carolina had been careful to carry away their taxes, they said, as well as all the money paid for the public lands in the western country.

After thinking it all over, the western people began to

feel that they were nearly as badly oppressed as the thirteen colonies had been. The fact that they had shed their blood at King's Mountain to drive away the invader from the eastern counties seemed to count as nothing. And now to be ceded away without so much as saying, "By your permission!" It was too bad. The time had come for action. They would form a new State and take care of themselves!

Why not? The population of the western counties had increased to twenty-five thousand. The frontier had been extended to what is now the heart of East Tennessee. Settlements had been made even as far west as Sevier county. A new wagon road, opened through the wilderness from North Carolina in 1777, had brought a better-to-do class of citizens. The people had scattered out from their forts upon fertile farms and schools were being established.

In other words, the infant Watauga was indeed growing into a stalwart youth of wider experience and greater powers. The people were beginning to feel their ability for self-government. They remembered what the Watauga association had done under much less favorable circumstances. Yes; they would form a new State and take care of themselves!

II

At this time there was no printing done west of the mountains. Besides, people were careless about preserving records of every kind. The result is that we have a very imperfect history of the State of Franklin. The historians are much mixed up in their accounts of the matter. Even the number of conventions that were held in forming the new State is uncertain. About many things you may therefore expect a difference of opinion.

By common consent, each captain's company of militia chose two men to form a committee in each county for considering the situation as indicated in the last chapter. These committees, having talked the matter over, recommended that the people elect deputies to meet in convention at Jonesboro.

An election was held, and the convention met on August 23, 1784. John Sevier was made president of the convention. A committee was appointed to consider everything carefully. This committee reported that they were of the opinion that their case was indeed like that of the thirteen colonies. They therefore recommended separation from North Carolina and the formation of a new State.

After hearing this report, the convention took up the question of forming a new State, and a majority of the delegates voted for it. The boundaries of the State were not definitely fixed, as many of the delegates hoped that

Southwest Virginia would become a part of it. There had been talk of forming a new State from all the mountain country. It was to include western North Carolina, southwestern Virginia, southeastern Kentucky, northern Georgia, and northern Alabama. Some people yet think it unfortunate that this was not done, because the people of these sections are in many ways so much alike.

There was a large crowd of people outside the little courthouse where the convention sat. When the news of what had been done was announced from the doorstep, they all shouted approval.

The deputies then called a new convention to adopt a constitution and give a name to the new State. Each county was to elect five members. The new body was to meet September 16th at the same place, but somehow did not get together till later.

When this second convention had organized, the various members reported that the people were much divided in sentiment as to the best course to pursue. Many different opinions were expressed in the convention. There was no agreement, and the convention finally broke up in great confusion.

The trouble was that the new movement had been entered into without any sanction of law. North Carolina still claimed control and ownership; nor was there any provision under the Federal government for such action. Those engaged in the movement were really, though doubtless without intending it, in a state of rebellion against civil authority.

By this time the legislature of North Carolina was again in session. News had come to that body that the national government was not going to treat North Carolina fairly in settling the debt question. So a vote was taken and the act ceding the western lands was repealed. The State would not give away her western settlements after all.

The governor of North Carolina and other leading citizens had heard what was going on west of the mountains. They said it was wrong to form a new State, and called upon the western people to drop the matter.

The people of North Carolina had at first thought that they would be glad to get rid of the western counties. Now, since the latter were so willing to go, they had changed their minds. The legislature even hastened to establish a superior court at Jonesboro. By its order the Washington county militia was formed into a brigade, with John Sevier in command.

With this turn of affairs, many of the western people said they were satisfied and ready to go back under the government of the mother State. John Sevier felt that way himself, and said that they might as well give up the idea of a new State. He thought that all parties would have to agree about the matter before a new State could be formed.

In those days there were very few newspapers, and news was carried by word of mouth and private letters. In this way the western people often got false ideas as to the action and intention of North Carolina.

They also had their minds fixed on forming a new State government, and it was hard to change them.

It seems that the convention last mentioned met again at Jonesboro. Others think it was a new convention that was chosen later. Sevier had been elected as delegate against his will, and was again made president of the convention. He yielded to the wishes of the people and again fell into line.

A plan of government for the new State was agreed upon. It was to be submitted to a new convention for adoption or rejection. At the same time a legislature was ordered to be elected.

Another convention met in December, 1785, at Greeneville. The plan of government submitted by the former convention had met with so much opposition among the people that it was rejected. Rev. Samuel Houston then offered another constitution, which was also voted down. John Sevier, who was again president of the convention, proposed that they adopt the constitution of North Carolina with necessary changes. This was agreed to.

Several names were proposed for the new State. Some members wanted to call it Frankland, or the land of freemen. Others suggested that it be named after Benjamin Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman. The latter proposition finally prevailed, and it became the State of Franklin. Greeneville was made the permanent capital. It was then a rude village of perhaps twenty log cabins.

The sessions of the convention were held in the county

courthouse. This was a small structure of unhewn logs, with only one door and no windows. The cracks between the logs let in sufficient light. In such a lowly place was the State of Franklin born.

The convention sent General Cocke with a copy of the

Governor Sevier's Residence in Washington County

constitution and a memorial to Congress asking admission into the Union. Sad to say, he was not received or even noticed by Congress. That body evidently considered the whole movement irregular and without the sanction of law.

The Franklin legislature had met at Jonesboro early in the year 1785 and elected John Sevier governor of the

new State and David Campbell judge of the superior court. Such offices are now filled by a vote of the people.

Martin Academy, under Dr. Samuel Doak, was granted a charter. This is believed to have been the first legislation in favor of education which occurred west of the Alleghany mountains. The institution stood near the present site of Washington College.

Salaries of State officers were provided for. The governor received about $1,000 a year, and other officers in proportion. As before stated, there was at this time no printing press west of the mountains. So the laws of Franklin were never printed. They were published by reading them out at the militia musters, where all the people had gathered.

III

John Tipton was the leader of the old State party. When the new movement began, he was strongly in favor of it; but he soon changed and worked as zealously for the opposite side. Sevier had also wavered, but he went back to the new State party.

Tipton held a North Carolina court at Buffalo, in Washington county. One day he brought a posse of men and seized the records of the Franklin court, which was sitting at Jonesboro, and put the justices out of the courthouse. He also broke up the Franklin court at Greeneville. Having been elected senator, he sat for awhile in the North Carolina Assembly.

Much confusion had been produced by trying to run

two governments at the same time over the same people. There was little or no bloodshed, but much contention and quarreling. One party would take away court records and the other party would take them back again. In this way many valuable papers were lost.

The people paid taxes to whichever party they pleased. Most persons did not pay any taxes at all. There was uncertainty about the settling of estates and the probating of wills. People who wanted to get married never knew when the ceremony was legally performed. In after years the State of Tennessee had to pass a law to make the Franklin marriages legal.

Finally everybody became so disgusted with this state of affairs that the leaders tried to make a compromise whereby both governments could run along smoothly, side by side, without any friction until the dispute could be settled. A meeting with this purpose in view was held on the 20th of March, 1787. Governor Sevier represented Franklin and Evan Shelby represented North Carolina. The latter was brigadier-general of the western militia which mustered under the old State.

According to the compromise agreement, the people were allowed to pay taxes to either government. All lawsuits were to be stopped, so far as possible. Each party was to have its own justices of the peace, but they were to use the same jail for prisoners.

As this arrangement was not expected to last forever, each party was advised to elect members to the North

Carolina legislature and instruct them to settle the whole matter in the way that they thought best. However, the compromise plan was not satisfactory to either party, and proved a failure.

The governor of North Carolina, having been applied to by the old State party to send a military force to put down the opposition, refused to do so. Instead, he sent a very peaceful letter and an address to the people, advising them to wait till they were better prepared before they formed a new State. Most persons accepted this advice.

Sevier, doubtless in part on account of the antagonism between him and Tipton, hesitated to accept these terms. He formed an alliance with the State of Georgia to subdue the Creek Indians and occupy the lands in the Great Bend of the Tennessee river. This was when the States were acting under the Articles of Confederation and were more independent in their actions than they were after the Constitution had been adopted.

By this movement Sevier hoped to secure the mediation of Georgia in favor of Franklin. He may also have thought that, if the worst came, he and his friends would emigrate to the Great Bend and be independent of their enemies. The last legislature of Franklin met in September, 1787. It opened a land office and authorized the taking of the Great Bend country.

In the latter part of 1786 the new State had tried again to get the old State's consent to depart in peace. She appointed General Cocke and Judge Campbell as commis-

sioners to plead her case before the North Carolina legislature.

General Cocke went and made an eloquent plea, but Judge Campbell was detained at home by ill health. Governor Sevier and Judge Campbell both sent very kind letters, but nothing definite was accomplished. The governor of North Carolina wrote very kindly in return. His letter had the effect of weakening the power of the Franklin government.

By 1787 the new government existed only in name. Nearly all its friends decided that the movement was a mistake, and deserted the cause. Sevier, being the leader, naturally hated to give up. He retired to Greene county and busied himself with protecting the frontier against the Indians.

In the latter part of the year a writ was issued under the North Carolina government against the estate of Sevier on some plea of debt. It was executed early in 1788, and Sevier's negroes were seized. They were carried to the house of Colonel John Tipton for safe-keeping.

Sevier heard of the proceeding and came from Greene county with one hundred and fifty men to rescue his property. He besieged Tipton in his residence. After a series of skirmishes and the capture of a part of his troops, Sevier finally withdrew.

Sevier went off for some months on an expedition against the Indians. When he returned, he was arrested at Jonesboro by Tipton, who handcuffed him and sent

him to Morganton, North Carolina, for trial. Some of Sevier's friends followed with his favorite horse. While the trial was in progress, they led the horse to the court-house door. Sevier ran out, and, leaping into the saddle, galloped off at full speed. He escaped over the mountains to his home on the Nollichucky.

The North Carolina legislature passed an act of pardon for everybody except Sevier. He was treated as an outlaw. Yet Greene county elected him to the North Carolina senate, and he went the next fall to take his seat. After a hasty repeal of the act of outlawry, he was admitted.

Sevier was soon appointed brigadier-general of the militia in the western counties. The year following he was sent to Congress as their first representative. Thus he was the first congressman from the Mississippi Valley. The little State of Franklin had passed quietly away.

About Some Curious Money

In the first settlements west of the mountains, the people had very little real money, such as we now use. What little they had was in the form of sixpences, ninepences, and shillings. Our present system of Federal money, which includes cents, dimes, and dollars, had not then been formed, for the first settlements were made when the people lived under English rule.

"How did the people trade?" you ask. That was easy enough. In the first place, there was very little to buy. Nearly everything used was made at home. People tanned their own leather and made their own shoes. They raised flax, and cotton, and wool, from which the women spun thread and wove cloth to make the clothes of the family.

Instead of hiring hands, the farmers assisted one another and "swapped work," as it was called. If there was any trade, it was by barter. That is, if one family had more corn than was needed and another family had too much flax, they made an exchange.

The truth is that money in the form of coins was rarely seen. A shilling would have looked as big to a little boy then as a gold eagle does now. People were so helpful to each other that but little money was necessary.

Very few goods were brought into the country. Some-

times a little money was sent back over the mountains to buy salt, guns, powder, lead, knives, and axes; but even these were generally received in exchange for skins and furs.

You know it was common among the Indians to use for money a kind of shell called wampum. Its circulation, however, was almost entirely confined to the Indians of New England and the seacoast. The Cherokees in our section usually traded with the whites by barter. For a few glass beads they would give a valuable lot of furs. So little business was done that there was really not much use for money.

People for a time were under the government of North Carolina, but from 1784 to 1788, as you have already learned, they had a government of their own. When the State of Franklin was formed, they found that they must have money to run the government and to pay the salaries of its officers.

Now, how to raise this money was a question that puzzled the wisest statesmen. There were in the new State no mines of silver or gold, and there was no other way to get money into the country, except what little was brought in by new settlers and by the sale of furs. At last a bright idea came into the head of a legislator sitting in the Assembly at Greeneville, and he presented a bill which was passed. It allowed taxes to be paid with the skins of various animals, cloth, and other articles. A raccoon skin passed for one shilling and sixpence. A fox skin passed for the same. A clean beaver skin was

Paying Taxes in Skins and Furs

decided to be the same as six shillings. Tow cloth was one shilling and ninepence a yard. Woolen cloth was three shillings and sixpence a yard, and good bacon sixpence per pound. Other things were in proportion.

What big pocket-books these people must have had! We may well imagine that when a citizen went up to pay his taxes he carried his money on a pack horse or in a big emigrant wagon. However, taxes were then quite small, and very little money was required to pay them.

This system of currency presented some funny situations when the State officers applied for their salaries. You would have laughed to see the treasurer go to the great public safe, or storehouse, and count out to the governor one thousand deer skins as his salary for one year. His secretary had to be content with five hundred raccoon skins. The county clerk's salary was three hundred beaver skins. Members of the legislature were paid only three raccoon skins a day, and the fee paid the constable for serving a warrant was only one little mink skin!

All this seems very odd, but you may find it in a speech made by Daniel Webster in 1838, and historians say the salaries could be paid in the barter received for taxes. I suspect that the State treasurers, in most cases, really sold the skins to traders, who were always glad to get them, and then the salaries of the various officers were paid in regular money.

Though people in that early day had very little money, yet they got along very well and made much less com-

plaint about it than we do now, when the amount of money is so much greater. In those days there was no great wealth nor were there any beggars or tramps. People lived more nearly all alike, and were usually contented and happy.

Sevier as an Indian Fighter

We are told that John Sevier was an Indian fighter from his earliest manhood. He was not noted as a hunter like Daniēl Boone. To ride at the head of a body of troops and make a wild charge gave him more pleasure than lonely hunting trips through the wilderness.

If John Sevier had been a general in our Civil War, he would doubtless have been a daring raider like Morgan, or a dashing cavalry officer like Custer. He did not skulk behind trees, or slip up on the Indians under cover of darkness. He rode boldly in daylight at the head of his men, who yelled like wild-cats and fired as they went.

Sevier was no common backwoodsman. He was a man of culture and statesmanship, as well as a fighter. He had not learned the art of war in any regular way. Yet, of his thirty-five battles every one was a victory. Like Napoleon, Stonewall Jackson, and other great geniuses, he surprised his enemies and overwhelmed them by the rapidity of his movements.

It was wonderful to see how quickly Sevier could collect an army. Once some Indians fell upon the settlers in Knox county. Messengers hurried to Sevier, who was eighty miles away on the Nollichucky. As soon as the news reached him, he mounted his swift bay mare and started at full speed.

At first Sevier had only half a dozen men, but he collected others as he went. From the cabins and the

woods, they came at his call. In three days he was within twelve miles of the Indian towns on the Tellico with a force of one hundred and sixty men. He fell upon the Indians like a thunderbolt, dealing death and destruction as he went.

Sevier understood the Indian character perfectly. He had a kind of instinct for knowing all their tricks, and he was never caught by any of them. In making the raid just spoken of, he went up into the Great Smoky Mountains to attack some Indians who lived along the Hiwassee river. After destroying three towns and killing a number of Indians, Sevier went into camp. He sent out scouts, who soon returned and reported that they had struck the trail of a large army of Indians.

Sevier knew that he must act quickly, and that the Indians were likely to lie in wait for him in the narrow defile through which the road led. To return by that route was certain destruction. So he turned about and marched over the top of the mountain. He soon reached home without the loss of a single horse or a single man.

It was not Sevier's plan to wait for an attack. When the Indians committed a murder in the settlements, he at once gathered his riflemen and marched to the towns where these Indians lived. On his arrival at their towns, Sevier demanded that the murderers be given up. If their friends refused to comply with this request, Sevier burned the town, destroyed the supplies of corn, and killed the warriors. This seemed cruel, but it was the only way to bring the savages to terms.

Hunting and Exploring on the Cumberland

After the Shawnee Indians left the Cumberland country, all the territory between the Ohio and the Tennessee rivers was uninhabited, even by Indians. It was a vast hunting ground, which teemed with all sorts of game. The Indians from the north and from the south came here to hunt. They camped out in the woods and along the streams. Sometimes a hunt lasted several months.

Finally the white men entered these great hunting grounds. They found vast herds of buffaloes and elks roaming over the grassy plains. The woods were full of deer, bears, wolves, and panthers. There was no cultivated land anywhere. Not even a cabin was to be seen.

Here and there over the country were bare spots which the hunters called "old fields." In the center, or somewhere near, salty water oozed from the wet ground. The grass had all been trodden away by thousands of wild animals as they gathered here to lick the salt. The buffalo paths led into these places from every direction. There was one of these licks where Nashville now stands. It was near the old French fort or trading post. Hence the first settlement afterward made there was often called the French Lick.

The white hunters from the old settlements had been through this country long before the settlers came. They trapped and hunted everywhere and had a profitable business. They carried great loads of furs back across

the mountains or down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

In 1766 the country was explored by Colonel James Smith. In his party was a Mr. Stone, for whom Stone river was named. They went down the Cumberland to its mouth. They found the country along the river very beautiful and the lands very fertile. Colonel Smith started on this trip in the month of June, and did not get back to North Carolina till October.

The people who were with Colonel Smith went on to Illinois, where new settlements had been made. The people from the Illinois settlements often came to hunt on the Cumberland, and some of them afterward settled there. Everybody who saw the country wanted to make it his home.

A few years later a party of hunters took several boat-loads of furs and bear meat down to Natchez. They were led by an old hunter named Mansker. As they floated down the Cumberland river they passed the old French Lick. Here they saw thousands of buffaloes. The woods rang with their bellowing and the noise of their battles.

A large company of hunters went out to the Cumberland in 1769. They started from a place near Fort Chissel, in Virginia. They came by the head of the Holston river and through what is now East Tennessee. Then going through Cumberland Gap, they passed over into southern Kentucky. At Price's Meadows, just inside the Kentucky line, a place was chosen to store their game and furs

These hunters now separated into several groups. They agreed to return and store their furs every five weeks. They went into different parts of Middle Tennessee. One party hunted along the western slope of the Cumberland Mountains. It was here that Robert Crockett was killed by Indians. They met him near the head waters of Roaring River on a war trail between the Cherokee nation and the Shawnee tribe.

Wherever these hunters went, the country was covered with tall grass. Everything was in a wild state of nature. No evidence that anybody then lived in the country could be found. Yet, the land seemed to have been inhabited many ages before. The hunters found many caves full of human bones. Under the shelving rocks along the larger streams, numerous stones had been set up, as if to mark human graves. This race of people had long passed away.

When these hunters returned home, they gave glowing accounts of what they had seen. A great interest was aroused, and many explorers wanted to go to the new lands. The next year, Colonel James Knox led forty brave hunters to the Middle Tennessee country. They were well equipped with rifles, traps, dogs, and blankets. They were dressed in hunting shirts, leggings, and moccasins. After many months of hunting and exploring, they returned home. On account of the length of time they had been absent, the name "Long Hunters" was given them.

Settling Middle Tennessee

The hunters and explorers opened the way for the settlement of Middle Tennessee. Wonderful stories about the new lands on the Cumberland were brought home. They told of the rich pasturage for cattle, the abundant game, and the fertility of the soil.

The people on the Watauga kept hearing these stories, and, about ten years after the first Watauga settlement, many of them became very restless. They thought better homes might be found further to the west.

In 1775 a treaty was made with the Cherokee Indians, at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga river. In this treaty Colonel Richard Henderson and others bought from the Indians a vast tract of land. It embraced all the country between the Kentucky and the Cumberland rivers. This had been a hunting ground of the Cherokees. The Indians sold it for fifty thousand dollars, which was paid in rifles, blankets, beads, paints, and trinkets.

That was a noted time for big land companies. Great quantities of land were bought and sold. It was said that as much as one thousand acres of beautiful land could be bought in the Cumberland country for ten dollars. Everybody wanted to go and get the rich lands that could be bought so cheap.

L. OF C.

James Spencer was one of the first to attempt a settlement. He was the old hunter about whom you have already read. In 1778 he visited the country with a party of hunters from Kentucky. After building cabins and planting a crop of corn, the entire party, with the exception of Spencer, became dissatisfied and left. Spencer remained and continued hunting, but he does not seem to have made a permanent settlement.

In the meantime Captain James Robertson of Watauga caught the "western fever." So he made up a party of friends and started out to look at the new lands on the Cumberland. This was early in the year 1779.

The country was still a vast wilderness. There were no roads to follow, except such paths as the buffaloes and wild deer had made. These led through the canebrakes and forests, from one salt lick to another. Of course, there may have been a few Indian trails and some indistinct routes through the forests blazed out by the hunters on the trees.

Robertson and his party took with them sacks of corn and other grain to be used in planting their new lands. Much of their support on the way was obtained by shooting game. They thought that if they liked the new country they would have their families come out the next winter.

After a long and tiresome journey, they reached the present site of Nashville. They picked out some rich lands and made ready to plant their corn. Much of the land was in wild grass and without trees. It was only

necessary to build a few rude fences and plow up the ground. In some cases no fences at all were built.

The summer was spent in raising their crops of corn and in building cabins. They were well pleased with the country, and decided to make everything ready for the women and children. We may imagine that they rose early and worked late to put everything in proper condition.

Soon after their arrival, the noted hunter Mansker brought a party to the French Lick. Captain Robertson had gone to Illinois to see General Clark. He expected to secure from him titles to the land. The Mansker party thought they would settle also, and they planted some corn that spring. In the fall they brought their families and located them at Mansker's Lick, Bledsoe's Lick, and other places near by.

Soon the crops began to ripen and the fall of the year was coming on. The cabins were finished and other preparations made. So Captain Robertson and his men started on their long trip back to Watauga to bring their wives and children. They left three men to take care of the property and keep the buffaloes out of the corn. When the corn should be fully ripe, they would also gather it and store it away.

II

Robertson and his men were received with great joy when they reached the Watauga. It took them several days to tell all the incidents of the trip and the wonder-

ful opportunities in their new homes on the Cumberland. Great interest had arisen in all the old settlements, and numerous parties prepared to go and find new homes.

Now, there were two very different routes from Watauga to the new Cumberland settlements. The first led through Cumberland Gap and by way of southern Kentucky. Robertson and his men had gone by this route. In this way they could keep further off from the Indians who lived to the south of the Tennessee river. This was the land route.

The other route was by water. Look on the map and you will understand it better. It led down the Holston river to the Tennessee; thence by the Indian towns between where Chattanooga now stands and the Muscle Shoals in Alabama; thence north across Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio river; thence up the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland; thence up the Cumberland to the old French Lick. This route, as you see, was very long and difficult. It was also exposed to attack from the Indians.

A flatboat, or unwieldy kind of barge, was at that time the only means of traveling by water. It floated with the current and was directed by crude paddles and poles. In coming up the Cumberland it could be forced along only with great difficulty.

On the other hand, it was very hard to take women and children and household goods hundreds of miles through a trackless wilderness. In a boat, it would be like home to them every day. The greatest trouble was

with the Indians. By going in large numbers and being well armed, it was thought this difficulty could be overcome. So Captain Robertson chose the river route for the families, while he went on by land with a select party. The fleet was put in charge of Colonel John Donelson.

When Captain Robertson set out, he found that he was by no means alone. Hundreds of others were going from various points in the older settlements. Some had gone on before and others were to follow. He met Mr. John Rains going to settle in Kentucky. Captain Robertson told him it would be better to go with him to the Cumberland, and he did so.

Before they reached their journey's end, the weather turned very cold. It was a severe winter. Snow was on the ground, and they nearly froze as they lay at night with little protection in the bleak woods. Besides, the lack of roads, ferries, and bridges made it very difficult to cross the large creeks and rivers, especially when they were swollen by the rain and snow.

It was some time in January before they drew near to the Lick. By that time their company had increased to two or three hundred men. Finding the Cumberland river frozen over, the entire party, including a large number of cattle that belonged to Mr. Rains, started across on the ice. When they were about the middle of the river, the ice cracked, and, from the report, the crack seemed to extend four or five miles up and down the river. Nevertheless, they reached the opposite shore in

safety. Like the Israelites of old, they crossed dry-shod into the promised land.

The various parties now scattered and settled at different points near by. Most of them stopped at the Lick and began to clear land. Some who had no shelter put up cabins. Most of these were placed together in rows so as to form an inclosed square, or fort. Stockades, or heavy timbers, were set up between them. Portholes and other means of defence against the Indians were provided. The work went on all winter, and by spring the country was dotted over with stations.

As the winter passed away, anxiety began to be felt for the mothers and children. They were expected late in February. March was now nearly gone and still they had not arrived. Had they frozen in the very, very cold weather? Had the boats gone down with all on board? Had they perished at the hands of the savages?

March passed into April. The men and boys were in the fields planting new crops. The woods were green and the wild meadows bright with flowers. Still no tidings!

The 24th of April had come! The sun rose gloriously. There was only one shadow in all the settlement. That was the continued absence of their loved ones.

Suddenly a cannon shot echoed among the river hills. Everybody rushed to the landing, and there, in full view, down the stream lay the fleet with its precious cargo. It was a joyful day in the settlements!

How the Fleet Came to French Lick

In this chapter you will learn what happened to the fleet on its long voyage to the French Lick. You remember that it was under the command of Colonel John Donelson. He wrote down an account of everything that occurred during the voyage. The name of his boat was *The Adventure.*

Colonel Donelson made ready for the voyage at Fort Patrick Henry. This was on the Holston river not far from the Watauga settlement. It was the usual starting place for boats going down the river.

After much worry and delay the boats pushed off on the 22d of December, 1779. There was quite a little fleet of flatboats and canoes. Those who could afford it fitted up their boats with more or less comfort and put up guards against the bullets of the Indians. Some of the poorer families paddled along in open canoes and did the best they could.

The severe winter had already set in, and the fleet was soon stopped by ice and low water. The winds were piercing cold and there was no end of snow and ice. The boats hung upon so many shoals and met with so many mishaps, that more than two months had passed before they reached the mouth of the French Broad river. Look on your map and you will see that they had gone not much more than what would be a hundred miles by land.

A little below this place Mr. Henry's boat struck the point of an island and sank. This island is thought to have been the same that recently formed a part of Colonel Perez Dickinson's lovely "Island Home" near Knoxville. The beautiful hills on which Knoxville now stands were then covered with a virgin forest.

The same day Reuben Harrison went ashore to hunt game. He got lost and did not return. Many guns were fired that night, but they failed to bring him in. The next morning a cannon was fired and many persons searched the woods. Guns were fired all that day and the next night, but without avail.

The following day was the 4th of March, and still no tidings came from the lost young man. With sorrowful hearts the party set sail. They left old Mr. Harrison with several boats to make further search. About ten o'clock that day the lost man was found by the fleet far down the river.

That afternoon they passed the mouth of the Little Tennessee river and camped ten miles below. The next morning was Sunday. They got under way before sunrise, and by noon passed the mouth of Clinch river. Here they met another fleet coming out of the Clinch. This was near where the town of Kingston now stands.

The next day they kept on down the Tennessee. At the camp that night, Captain Hutching's negro man died. He had been frost-bitten by the severe cold.

There was a high wind the next day, and some of the smaller boats came near being swamped. At night the

voyagers camped in a deserted town of the Chickamauga Indians. Here a little baby was born in the family of Ephraim Peyton. Mr. Peyton had gone by land with Captain Robertson, but had sent his wife by the river route.

The voyagers were now in the Indian country. For some time they were passing Indian villages. At the first village, the Indians seemed very friendly and invited them to come ashore. John Caffrey and Colonel Donelson's son started in a canoe to accept the invitation. They were met by some friendly Indians, who advised them to return to the boats. They soon saw Indians in war paint coming from the other side of the river. The fleet then moved off down stream.

At the next town one of the boats got too near the shore. The Indians fired upon it and mortally wounded a young man named Payne, who was on Captain Blackmore's boat.

II

The people in one boat had smallpox. On this account they were required to keep at some distance in the rear. The boat was run by a man named Stewart. When the fleet stopped at night, some one blew a horn to notify Stewart that he must stop and not run into the fleet. Otherwise he would spread the disease.

The Indians, seeing that Stewart's boat was alone and unprotected, made an attack upon it. The people on the other boats heard the cries of Stewart and his family,

but could not help them. They were afraid of the small-pox. The Indians did not know about this, and were not afraid. They killed, or took as prisoners, Stewart and all his people. Many of the Indians afterward died of the disease.

A large body of Indians kept following the fleet along the river bank. The great stream was now entering a gorge in the Cumberland mountains called "The Suck." This was a few miles below where Chattanooga now stands. The river was not more than half as wide as before and the current was very rapid. The scenery was wild and great cliffs overhung the stream. The Indians were left behind, and, it was hoped, would be seen no more.

John Cotton and his family were making the voyage in a large canoe. In going through these rapids, he became frightened at the foaming waters and took his family into Robert Cartright's boat. He fastened the canoe to the side of the boat.

Just as the fleet entered what is termed the "Boiling Pot" the raging flood overturned Cotton's canoe, and its cargo was lost. Many of the people in the other boats pitied Cotton in his distress and went back to help him recover his goods. They had barely landed when, to their great astonishment, the Indians opened fire upon them from the cliffs on the other shore. They ran to their boats and pushed rapidly away. The Indians lined the bluffs and kept up their firing.

The fleet soon passed through the "Whirl" where the

Passing through the "Whirl"

water swirls in eddies. Then the river widened into a smooth, gentle current. The boat of Jonathan Jennings was missing. Just at the "Whirl" his boat ran on a large rock and the water rushed in. His friends were obliged to leave him to the mercy of the savages.

During the rest of the day, all that night, and the following day till midnight, the voyage down the river was continued. Then they camped on the northern shore. It was the hope of all that their enemies had been left far behind. They were now in the northern part of what has since become the State of Alabama.

The next morning before daylight they were startled from sleep by a cry of "Help! Help!" The cry seemed heartrending and full of sadness as it reached their ears through the darkness. "Help poor Jennings!" again cried the voice. It was at some distance up the river. In a few minutes a flatboat struck the shore, and in it were Jennings and his wife. The side of the boat was everywhere marked with Indian bullets.

Jennings told them that after they left him, the Indians turned all their fire upon his boat. He saw that, if he could lighten the boat, it would float off the rock. So he directed Mrs. Jennings and others to throw the cargo overboard while he kept the Indians off with his rifle. His son, with another young man and a negro, tried to escape by jumping to the shore. The negro was drowned and the young men were afterward captured by the Indians.

When the boat had been lightened, Mrs. Jennings got

out on the bank to push it off the rock. The boat floated out so suddenly that she came near being left. The swift current soon carried them out of all danger. Jennings and his wife showed numerous holes which had been cut in their clothes by the bullets of the Indians. It was a wonderful escape.

III

Within a day or two the fleet reached the famous Muscle Shoals is the north Alabama country. There was a high tide in the river, and the water made a terrible roaring among the numerous islands and piles of driftwood. The stream spread out so wide and became so shallow that it was hard to keep in the current. Often the boats scraped the bottom of the river and were threatened with instant destruction. They shot like arrows here and there among the islands. In about three hours the fleet sailed twenty-five or thirty miles and came out into deep water at the foot of the shoals. Night came on and the party went into camp on the north bank.

On the 14th of March they were again fired upon by Indians while running too near shore. Five of the crew were badly wounded. That night when they were getting ready to camp near the mouth of a creek, the barking of their dogs so alarmed them that they thought Indians must be near. So they took to the boats and dropped further down the river. The next morning some of the party returned for a number of lost articles and found a negro still asleep by one of the fires.

In five more days they had crossed what is now the two States of Tennessee and Kentucky. They were far to the north in the Ohio river at the mouth of the Tennessee. A high tide in the Ohio and a very rapid current made it very hard to go upstream. Besides, they were nearly out of food and were much discouraged.

At this point several boats left them to go to the Illinois country, and others to go down the Mississippi to Natchez. Among the former were a son-in-law and daughter of Colonel Donelson. They parted, perhaps to meet no more.

The next day with heavy hearts those who remained set out and made a little way up the river. On the 24th they came to what seemed to be the mouth of a small river. Could it be the Cumberland? They were in doubt. Still they decided to risk it. The current was gentle and they made good progress. The next day the stream grew wider, and they knew it was the Cumberland. Colonel Donelson had put up a sail on his boat. It gave him much help.

The following day was Sunday, and their dinner consisted principally of buffalo meat. From now on they ate whatever they could get. A swan which one of the party shot was eagerly devoured.

On the last day of March the voyagers were much rejoiced by meeting with Colonel Richard Henderson. He was running the line between Virginia and North Carolina. Leaving Colonel Henderson to complete his survey, the voyagers resumed their journey. After eleven days'

travel, they came to a little river that ran in on the north side of the Cumberland. It was Red river. Here Moses Renfroe and his family had decided to settle, and they parted from the rest of the company. It was now the 12th of April. The long, hard winter was gone and spring was at hand. The soft winds came laden with the scent of flowers and the woods were getting green.

How slow their progress! It seemed as though they would never reach their journey's end. They were so near and yet so far. Even with the hardest toil they could advance but a few miles upstream each day. They feared that even yet they might die in the wilderness without seeing their friends and loved ones. Not till the 24th of April, as you learned in the last chapter, did the fleet finally come to anchor under the bluff at the French Lick.

Getting Powder and Saving the Fort

Robertson had not been long on the Cumberland when his people got out of powder. To be out of powder is a very serious matter on the frontier. Powder is necessary for the killing of game and for defence against the Indians. There was also a lack of food, and the prospect was so gloomy that many settlers left and returned to their old homes.

In the midst of their distress, Robertson said he would go to the Kentucky settlements and get powder and lead. He took with him his own son and Isaac Bledsoe. He also took a negro servant. They passed the Indian lines and wound their way through the trackless forests and plains. The weather was cold, but they made beds of leaves and slept under the trees, wrapped in their warm buffalo robes. Their greatest danger was from the Indians, who might be met at any time in small parties.

On their arrival at Harrod's Station, they first learned of the victory of King's Mountain and the retreat of Cornwallis. This news revived their drooping spirits. Finding no powder at Harrod's Station, they pushed on to Boonesborough, where Robertson hoped to get relief from his old friend, Daniel Boone.

Boone divided his stock of ammunition with Robertson, but the quantity he received was so small that Bled-

soe decided to go across to Watauga for a greater supply. Robertson with his son and the negro returned to the Cumberland settlement, bringing a pack horse laden with ammunition. Robertson reached the Bluff on the 15th of January. All the inhabitants came out to meet him, as if he had been a great deliverer.

Robertson soon rode over to Freeland's Station, near by, where his wife and children were staying. Here he was again received with joy. There was not a charge of powder or a bullet remaining in the station. Yet the fort was liable to an attack from the Indians at any time.

Robertson found his wife ill. A son had been born to him four days before. This was the first white child born in the vicinity of Nashville. He was afterward prominent in the State as Dr. Felix Robertson.

There were ten families in the station. Robertson was kept up late that night, as he had to tell them all the news from the seat of war and what had happened on his trip. There were no newspapers or mails, and it was a great event when some one arrived with news from the outer world.

One by one the company went off to bed. Robertson sat till midnight. At last he was alone with his wife and little boy. The bright moon shone down from a clear sky. Not a sound was heard in the sleeping fort.

Everybody felt so secure that no one had been put on guard. Finally Robertson heard a noise. His keen ear was open to the slightest sound. He sprang to his feet and rushed out. "Indians! Indians!" he cried. The

clasp that held the gate had been unfastened. The gate flew open and half a hundred Indians rushed in. Robertson's first fire brought down the leader.

The men of the fort, who slept with their rifles in reach, rushed out at once and fired a volley at their foes. The Indians returned the fire, and one of the whites fell. For a few moments a hailstorm of bullets rattled against the cabins of the fort. Major Lucas was shot down, and the faithful negro who had been with Robertson on his journey fell riddled with bullets.

Robertson's voice, shouting his commands, was heard above the din of battle. In the smoke and confusion, the Indians could not take good aim, nor could they make out the number of men in the fort. So they retreated toward the gate. The garrison at the Bluff heard the firing and hurried to the rescue. They fired their little cannon as a signal that they were coming. Realizing that the whites would soon be reinforced, the Indians took fright and left for parts unknown.

The next morning five hundred bullets were dug out of the walls of one of the cabins. Numerous trails of blood were seen leading off into the woods. Robertson had returned none too soon with his supply of powder and balls.

Fighting Indians and Making Laws

For some months after the attack on Freeland's Station, there was great quiet in the Cumberland settlement. The warm days of spring came on. The people scattered abroad upon their farms. They were planting their crops and looking forward to a peaceful harvest. This was only the calm before the storm.

One April day the scouts rode in from the woods and reported, "Indians." They said the savages appeared only to be hunting. When the scouts added that the Indians were Cherokees, Robertson said it was time for the settlers to be on their guard.

Robertson was now staying in the fort at the Bluff. He posted a sentry on the lookout every night. The man stood in a station over the great gate of the fort, from which point there was a good view of the country for miles in every direction. Other men in the fort got up at different times during the night to help in the watch.

One night Jonas Menifee came out about an hour after midnight. The stars were shining bright and everything was still. He climbed up to the roof of a blockhouse and looked down upon the cleared space around the fort. He thought he saw something like an Indian creeping along the walls. In a moment he leveled his gun and fired. A dark figure ran away and hid in the low undergrowth at some distance from the fort. Before daylight other Indians came and fired upon the fort.

The next morning Robertson and a party of about twenty men rode out to attack the Indians. At some distance from the fort three hundred savages rose from the bushes and fired upon Robertson's party. The whites dismounted to give battle, when they suddenly heard a war whoop in their rear.

This second body of Indians soon got between the whites and the fort. Thus they were surrounded by about six or seven hundred redskins. At the same time their horses became frightened and broke away. This, however, proved a blessing in disguise. The Indians on the side next to the fort pursued the horses. This left a gap through which Robertson and his people made a break for the fort, carrying their wounded with them.

The Indians, seeing this movement, returned to the attack. The people in the fort gathered at the gateway. The women stood with axes in hand ready to chop down the savages if they should come near. The most intense excitement prevailed.

Fortunately there were about fifty large and fierce dogs in the fort. They had been trained to hunt wild bears and Indians. Mrs. Robertson stood on the lookout over the gate with a rifle in her hand. "Open the gates," she cried, "and let loose the dogs."

Immediately the order was obeyed. The great noise outside the fort had excited the dogs to the highest pitch. They bounded forward with great fury and grappled the first Indians they met. The latter now turned to defend themselves against the dogs. In the meantime the

whites who still remained unharmed fled into the fort. When Robertson arrived besmeared with powder and smoke, his wife stood waiting for him at the gateway.

The Indians left about ten o'clock that morning. At night they returned with increased numbers and again opened fire. About midnight a large crowd of them gathered near the fort. The settlers then brought out their small cannon. As there were no balls, it was loaded with stones and gravels. One discharge sent the Indians flying through the woods. They did not return to the attack, and the fort was left in peace for some time.

Robertson was elected to the North Carolina legislature in 1783. The State capital was seven hundred miles away, and half the distance had to be covered by following a bridle path through the woods. Robertson usually made the trip with a single companion. They took their dogs with them and shot game for food as they rode along. They built a fire at night under the trees, and, wrapped in their buffalo robes, slept peacefully till morning. As you see, his accommodations were quite different from the Pullman palace car in which our present legislators ride to their capital.

Robertson made a number of these trips to the old settlements. His return was always a noted event. He brought the mail, for there was no mail carrier to the Cumberland in those days. At the request of his neighbors, he also brought various small articles of merchandise. It might be a pound of coffee, or a spool of thread, or a book. It sometimes took an extra horse to bring all these things.

Life in the Cumberland Settlements

More than two years have passed since James Robertson came from Watauga to settle on the Cumberland. Times have been hard with him and his people. It has been a struggle for food and even for life. Their Indian foes have never ceased to shoot, to scalp, and to kill.

Imagine what it is to live in the heart of a great wilderness as these people did! Suppose you were three hundred miles from any store where goods are sold. They had no mills to saw lumber or to grind corn for bread. There were no books. There was no post office and no newspaper.

As far as the eye could reach, one saw only canebrakes, pea vines, wild grass, and forests. The land was beautiful and the soil was fertile, but there was no peace with the Indians, and little work could be done.

When the people got up in the morning and went out to the duties of the day, they bade their friends farewell. They thought they might never return. If a little girl went down to the spring to get a bucket of water, she said her prayers. There might be a painted savage lying in the grass, ready to shoot and scalp her.

When the settlers gathered into the fort, at the close of the day, the usual question was, "Who is missing?" If all had come in with safety, they were thankful.

The country was dotted over with little forts, or stations. Into these the people gathered in order to be safe from the attacks of the Indians.

A fort was made by setting heavy timbers upright in the ground so as to inclose an acre or more with a wooden wall. Sometimes a row of cabins formed a part of the wall. At one or more corners of the fort was a blockhouse.

A blockhouse was built up higher than the walls of the fort and reached beyond the top of the walls. This was to allow those inside to shoot down through the floor and along the sides of the walls, in case any one tried to climb over the defences or set fire to the fort.

Inside the walls of the fort, cabins were built for living-rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, and storehouses. A large fort had so much in it that it would remind you of a small village.

In the blockhouses there were holes in the walls through which the riflemen fired upon the Indians when they made their attacks. In time of war you would scarcely dare to look out through one of these portholes. If you did, you might be killed by an Indian bullet.

There was a big door, or gate, in one side of the fort. Through this everything was brought into the inclosure. In times of danger, and always at night, the gate was closed. A large beam passed across it and rested in strong sockets, to make the gate secure. Sometimes it was made fast with a big chain.

When no Indians were near, the big gate was opened

in the morning and the settlers went out to work. Their fields were near by, but some one always stood guard while the others plowed or reaped. Indian corn was the principal crop.

There was plenty of wild grass for pasturage. All the cattle went out on "the range," as it was called. No one thought of going to the trouble of fencing in pasture lands. All the low grounds were covered with a dense growth of cane. Upon this the stock browsed, even in winter. It also furnished them an abundance of good hay.

Sometimes the growing crops were destroyed by the Indians, and most of the cattle were killed. Then food became very scarce. For a long time the people would have to live upon game alone. The white meat from the breast of the wild turkey was called "bread." The steaks of the black bear were called "meat." It was hard to get even such food as this when the Indians were lurking around. These were called "starving times."

II

And, again, there would be so little powder that it must all be saved to kill Indians. Then the hunters could take game only in traps. With these they managed to catch turkeys and even bears. Fish were also caught in large numbers from the Cumberland river and other streams.

When the people first came from their homes in the older settlements, they had good clothes. In a short

time, however, these began to wear out and had to be patched. In a few years it was hard to tell what the first suit had been like.

As new cloth could not be obtained, the people began to make suits from the skins of animals. A deer hide, when well dressed, was soft and fine. It made a beautiful pair of trousers, or a vest, or even a sack coat. This last was called a hunting shirt.

The hunting shirt was bordered with panther hair or the fur of the bear. It was also ornamented by slitting the edges of the coat into fine fringes. The belt held it close to the body.

Caps were made of fox skins, or raccoon skins. They were worn so that the tail of the animal hung down at the back of the head. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett wore caps of this kind.

A hunter's belt was made of tanned buffalo hide. It was dyed in some bright color. It held the owner's knife and tomahawk. In time of bloody wars, it may be that the scalp of an Indian brave also dangled there.

Instead of shoes, the feet were covered with moccasins made of soft buffalo hide. These were well suited for hunting and war, as the tread of the wearer could scarcely be heard. The "robes" of the wild buffalo were used instead of overcoats. They also furnished bed blankets in the greatest abundance.

So it was not so bad after all to be out of reach of store clothes. Everybody was warm and comfortable. There was some taste and style, too, about the dress. The deer-

skin jackets of the young girls, colored with various dyes, were even beautiful.

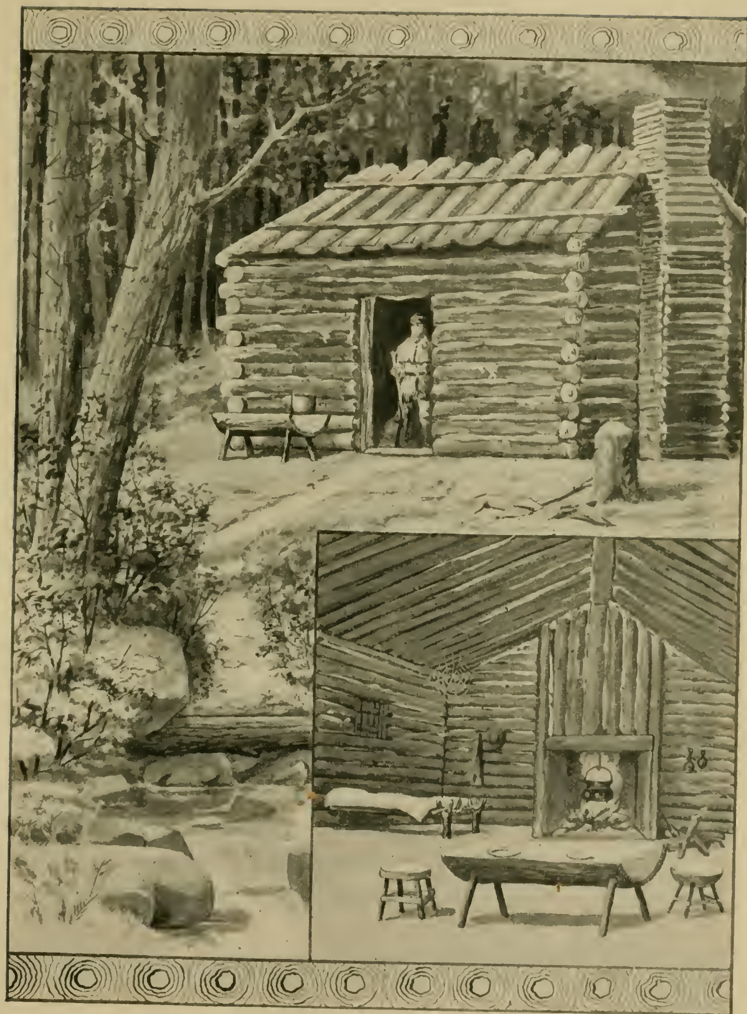
The best houses were made of logs. They were roughly hewn and the cracks between them were daubed with clay. There was no glass in the windows. Sometimes oiled paper was used instead. It let in some light and kept out the cold.

The houses were very much the same as those of the Watauga settlers, which have already been described. As sawed lumber could not be had, floors were made of split timber. Shutters for the doors and windows were of the same material. Iron was so scarce that little could be used. Wooden pins were used instead of nails. The roofs were made of long clapboards held down by stones and heavy logs of wood. The doors were hung on wooden hinges.

The furniture was simple. A roughly hewn table and a few splint bottom chairs stood in the main room. If there was another room, it contained a rough bedstead and a pile of buffalo robes. The latter alone sometimes formed the bed.

The Revolutionary War ended in 1783. The colonies were now independent and the Indians made peace. There was new life in the settlements. Many who had gone back to the East now returned, accompanied by new settlers. Everybody rejoiced at the change.

The people could now leave their forts and go out to clear more land and have larger farms. A land office was opened in a small shanty of cedar poles. The little



A Settler's Cabin

village that afterward became the great city of Nashville had a dozen log houses.

An advance was made in government. The county of Davidson was organized. A courthouse eighteen feet square was built and courts were held. Captain Robertson felt that, at last, a better day for his people was at hand.

A Boy with "Nine Lives"

One day young David Hood went out with two other boys to a place at some distance from the fort at French Lick. As they returned about nightfall, they met a body of Indians. The boys ran for their lives from the bullets of the savages. Before they could escape, however, all three of them had been wounded.

Hood fell in the cane near the fort. Seeing no other chance for his life, he turned over on his face and pretended to be dead. He supposed the Indians would go on and leave him; he would then have the opportunity to jump up and get away.

Hood was right, but one of the Indians thought he would take off the dead boy's scalp before he left him. Winding his fingers in Hood's hair, he began sawing on the top of his head with a dull knife. You may imagine how the boy felt! Knowing that his only safety depended upon his showing no sign of life, he bore the pain bravely. The scalp finally came off without his having uttered a single groan. The Indian then gave him a few thrusts with his knife to make sure that he was dead.

After the Indians had been gone for some time, Hood raised his head and looked around. Seeing no one, he

rose to his feet, all covered with blood, and tried again to reach the fort.

Hood could scarcely walk, and, before he had gone a great distance, he came upon the Indians again. They laughingly yelled to him that a dead man could not walk. He tried to run away, but soon fell with another bullet through his breast.

To make sure that he would not come to life a second time, the savages thrust their knives into him on all sides and then threw his body into a brush pile. You will doubtless say that nobody could have lived through such experiences unless he had "nine lives like a cat."

It was winter, and Hood lay freezing in the snow in the brush pile all night. His friends in the fort thought that he had been killed, but did not dare to come out for the body till the next morning. Then they followed a trail of blood in the snow and found Hood where the Indians had left him. Thinking he was dead, his friends bore him inside the gates and began to prepare for another funeral. To have a funeral was now almost their daily occupation.

In dressing the body, it was noticed that there were signs of life. The warmth of the place had started the blood afresh from his wounds.

"Are you not dead?" said one of his friends.

Hood seemed to awake as if from sleep, and in a low, husky voice replied, "No! if you will only give me half a chance."

He got well and lived many years to tell the story of his thrilling experience with the Indians.

Hood no doubt got his idea of feigning death from the opossum. This animal adopts the same trick to escape from its enemies. On this account a little girl in the fort nicknamed him "Mr. Opossum."

One day the Indians scalped this little girl also when she went out of the fort on an errand for her mother. Hood then got even by calling her "Miss Opossum."

The Coldwater Expedition

Though Robertson was a brave man, he was a man of peace. He would not go to war whenever he could avoid doing so. Yet, in 1787, the Indians were killing so many of his people that he felt that something must be done.

It was noticed that most Indians who committed these murders left in a west or southwest direction. Then it was found out that they came from the Indian town of Coldwater, on the Tennessee river, where Tuscumbia now stands.

Robertson decided to destroy this town. He set out with one hundred and twenty good horsemen, taking a Chickasaw chief named Toka for guide. They pushed their way through a wilderness of canebrakes and forests.

After crossing Duck river and many other fordless streams, they finally came within ten miles of the Tennessee. They could now hear the roar of the great river making its way over the lower end of the Muscle Shoals. Some of the men were strongly reminded of how they passed these shoals in the fleet with Donelson.

The next morning they reached the river and lay all day in the woods at the edge of a dense thicket of cane, which was in some places twenty feet tall. A path led down to the river and on the opposite bank was a de-

serted Indian village. No sound was heard except the roar of the river on the shoals above. During the evening two Indians came out from the south bank in a canoe and took a swim in the middle of the stream.

That night Robertson gathered all the troops at the water's edge to cross under cover of darkness. Two men swam over and brought the canoe used by the Indians that day. It was so leaky that it had to be repaired; yet it held together long enough to carry over forty or fifty men. The rest swam over by the side of their horses. It was daylight before all reached the south bank.

The town of Coldwater was about seven miles further down the river. When they had dried their clothes and primed their guns afresh, the little army rode off at a brisk pace. After going several miles, they crossed Coldwater creek and struck the Indian town, which they attacked vigorously.

The Indians were taken by complete surprise, and made a break for their canoes on the river, at the mouth of the creek. Expecting this, Robertson had sent a force down the other side of the creek with instructions to conceal themselves in the cane and await the coming of the fugitives. The latter were looking back at their pursuers and ran right into the hands of the party in ambush.

Several Indians were shot on the slope of the hill, and others after they reached their canoes. The remainder

tried to escape by jumping from their canoes into the river, where the slaughter continued.

There were several French traders in the town at the time of the attack. These tried to escape with the Indians, and three of them were killed. Five or six others were taken prisoners. A large store of goods of all kinds was captured. Spanish guns and ammunition were found among the spoils.

The town had been used by the French as a trading post, and it was evident that they had incited the Indians to murder the settlers on the Cumberland. At the time of the attack, most of the Indians seem to have been away committing depredations. There were both Cherokees and Creeks in the place. Twenty-six of the latter jumped from the canoes and were killed in the river.

Robertson returned to the Cumberland without the loss of a single man. The booty was sold and the money was divided among his soldiers. It was just nineteen days from the time they started till they were back at home again.

The Browns Captured by Indians

Colonel James Brown, who lived in North Carolina, had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. The government, desiring to reward him for his services, gave him the right to select enough land on the frontier to make a home for himself and his family.

Colonel Brown had heard much of the fine lands on the Cumberland river. He therefore made a trip to that part of the country, and picked out a good farm about two miles from where Nashville now stands. In 1788 he prepared to take his family to their new home in the wilderness.

It was still very hard to get to the Cumberland settlements. No good roads had been built, and the Indians were dangerous. Colonel Brown thought it would suit him better to go by the river route, which was down the Tennessee and then up the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers. You remember this was the route that Colonel Donelson and his party took when they went to the French Lick.

Colonel Brown built his boat on the Holston river near Long Island. The place he selected was not far from the Virginia line, and probably near the starting point of the expedition under Colonel Donelson.

The boat was so built by Colonel Brown that it served as a fort for defence against the Indians. The sides were barricaded with heavy timbers. In each side there was a row of portholes. In the rear end of the

boat Colonel Brown placed a small cannon. The Indians were then supposed to be at peace with the people of North Carolina, but it was not wise to trust one's self in their power.

The family of Colonel Brown consisted of himself, his wife, and nine children. He had four sons, five daughters, and several negroes. Five young men were also going with him to settle in the new country. Two of his sons were full-grown. Altogether there were in the party seven or eight good marksmen. Thus the whole party felt able to take care of itself.

They pushed off their boat on the 4th of May and floated down the beautiful Holston river. Their voyage promised to be more pleasant than that of the Donelson party. The spring floods had come and the current was strong. The weather was warm and delightful. The young leaves covered the trees and green grass and brightly colored wild flowers extended on all sides as far as the eye could reach.

It was easy to kill plenty of game along the banks of the river. They landed to hunt during the day or went out from their camping places when they stopped for the night. It seemed to all that they were going to have a delightful voyage.

When the weather was fine and there was enough light to make the current visible, Colonel Brown kept his boat running all night. Thus he made good time. In five days he was far down the Tennessee river near where Chattanooga now stands.

On the 9th of May, as day was breaking, they began to run by the villages of the Chickamauga Indians. In passing a little town, about sunrise, a canoe pushed off from the shore. It came directly toward Colonel Brown's boat. In the canoe were an Indian chief and two warriors.

These Indians asked permission to come aboard. As they seemed friendly, Colonel Brown made no objection. The chief's name was Cutleotoy. He stayed on the boat but a short time and then rowed back to the shore.

Near this place the river makes a great curve, now called Moccasin Bend. Cutleotoy sent a runner across the narrow neck of land formed by the bend to tell the Indians in the lower towns that a boat was coming, and that they must rob the boat and kill everybody in it.

II

When the boat reached Nick-a-jack town, a large crowd of Indians rowed out in their canoes. Colonel Brown was about to fire the cannon at them, but they said they were friendly and only wished to trade. He then let them come aboard.

In this Colonel Brown made a great mistake. The Indians soon began to carry everything out of the boat. When Colonel Brown objected to their conduct, they killed him and threw his body into the river.

Young Joseph Brown was captured and taken ashore. Very soon, when those left in the boat started to land lower down, the Indians on the shore began firing. All

the men on the boat were killed. Mrs. Brown and her children were made prisoners and carried away.

Joseph was taken to the cabin of a half-breed Indian named Job Tunbridge. The mother of this Indian was a French woman. She had been captured by the Indians when she was a little girl. When she grew up she married an Indian, who was the father of Job.

After the death of her first husband, the French woman married an Irishman named Thomas Tunbridge. He had deserted from the British army, and had come to live among the Indians. It was this man with whom she now lived. Job Tunbridge claimed young Brown as his captive, and gave him to his aged parents as their slave.

It was not long before Cutleotoy, the Indian chief, came along and found Joseph in the Tunbridge cabin. He had come down to Nick-a-jack to see how things were going on. He declared that it would never do to keep Joseph alive, for he would soon get away and then come back with an army to kill all the Indians.

When old Mr. Tunbridge pleaded that Joseph's life be spared, the chief became so enraged that he raised his tomahawk over the captive. It seemed as if he would murder him on the spot. Mrs. Tunbridge begged that he would not kill him in her house.

Cutleotoy then took Joseph out of the house. He was at once surrounded by a crowd of savages. They had their guns cocked and their knives drawn, ready to put the young man to death.

Joseph begged that he might have half an hour in which to pray. He supposed that he had only a short time to live. The Indians stripped off his clothes so as not to get them bloody. He then fell upon his knees, and, like the martyr Stephen, cried: "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

In the meantime Mrs. Tunbridge asked Cutleotoy what prisoners he had taken. Some one answered that he had captured a negro woman and sent her home. "Then," said she, "if you kill this boy, who is my son's prisoner, my son will avenge his death by killing your negro."

Joseph was still praying. He did not understand what was said, for they spoke in the Cherokee language. He was expecting every moment that the tomahawk would fall upon his head.

At last Joseph thought of Stephen's looking up into Heaven during his last moments. Raising his eyes he looked into the faces of the Indians, and saw that their countenances had changed. This was his first sign of hope. Cutleotoy had decided that he would spare his life, because he feared that his own captive would be killed for revenge.

Cutleotoy then told old Mr. Tunbridge to come and take Joseph. He said that he loved the young captive and would let him live. Joseph's clothes were then returned to him and he was permitted to go back to the Tunbridge cabin.

Young Brown naturally felt very grateful to Mrs.

Tunbridge for saving his life. Yet he afterward found that she, too, had a selfish purpose in what she did for him. One day she told him that she hated the white people. She declared that her sole reason for saving his life was that he might be her slave and dig potatoes, and hoe corn, and carry wood for her.

III

The second day after Brown was captured, the chief, or head man of the town, sent for him. This Indian's name was Breath. He did not believe in making war upon the white people.

Breath had gone off to visit another town on the day that Colonel Brown's boat was taken by the Indians. He was not pleased with what had been done. He boasted that he had never stained his knife in the blood of a white man.

Breath had a long talk with Joseph. He decided that Joseph must be dressed up like an Indian and be adopted in some good Indian family; he said that if this was not done the other Indians would probably kill Joseph. He also said that his own family was one of the strongest in the nation, and that Joseph would better be received into it.

It was now the 11th day of May. On the same day Breath took young Brown and made an Indian of him. Holes were bored in his ears and all his hair was cut off except a scalp lock on the top of his head. He was then dressed in short shirt and a flap such as the Indians wore.

The newly-made Indian was now sent back to the home of Job Tunbridge. Job's father insisted that Joseph was a member of his family also. He was to call old Mr. Tunbridge "uncle" and call Job "brother."

The next day Joseph was sent out to hoe corn. It was a very warm day, and the Indian costume that he wore was only a slight protection against the heat of the sun. By noon his thighs and neck, the back of his head, his forehead, and his ears were all blistered from the heat. His suffering was so great that he almost fainted. "But," said he, in telling his story in after life, "the Lord was good and sent a thunder cloud and drove us all out of the field." The next day it was still raining, and Joseph rested all day. By the third day he had so far recovered that he was able to go out to work again.

This was not his only hardship. He had to dig potatoes, get wood for the fires, and do all kinds of slavish labor. As winter came on, he suffered much from the cold. The Indian clothes which he had to wear gave him little protection. Night often found him weary and very hungry.

When the young man thought of what had happened to himself and his people, he was sick at heart. His father had been killed like a dog and thrown into the river. His older brothers were shot down in cold blood. His poor mother and his little brothers and sisters had been carried away captive. What sad fate they had met with he did not know. He felt very lonely and wretched.

A grandson of Mrs. Tunbridge went everywhere with

Joseph. When they saw any Indians coming, the boy told him whether they were Creeks or Cherokees. If they were Creeks, Joseph must get out of the way, for the Creeks would kill him.

Joseph was also told that he must not look at a Cherokee when he met one. It would make the Indian very angry to be looked at by a white captive. He had never seen any Indians before, and all their actions were strange to him.

Once Joseph and this little boy were sent to bring some water to the house. They saw several Indians sitting around the spring. At first the boy thought they were Creeks, and was about to warn Joseph to get away. Then he said that they were Cherokees, and both boys went on to the spring.

While they were filling their buckets Joseph was careful not to look at the Indians. As the boys were leaving the spring, two of the Indians mounted their horses and started to ride away.

Joseph could not resist the temptation, and stole a glance at one of the Indians. The Indian had one side of his head painted red and the other side painted black. A human scalp hung on his breast. When the Indian saw Joseph looking at him, he jumped to the ground and beat him cruelly. These Indians had been off on the warpath with the Shawnees.

IV

After a while Joseph was surprised to learn that two of his sisters lived very near him. They were in the

same town of Nick-a-jack. When Colonel Brown's boat was taken, these two little girls, Jane and Polly, fell into the hands of some Creek Indians. The savages started to carry them away to the Creek nation. This was further to the south, in what is now Alabama.

The Indians in Nick-a-jack were mostly Cherokees. They pursued the Creek Indians and recaptured the little girls. Jane and Polly were then brought back to Nick-a-jack and placed in the family of a Spanish trader. It was here that their brother Joseph found them.

Joseph was allowed to go to visit his sisters. From them he learned that his mother had been carried away by the Creek Indians. They had taken her to their own towns on the Tallapoosa river. His little brother George and two younger sisters had been taken along at the same time.

Polly and Jane could not tell Joseph anything more about their mother. He afterward learned that the Indians treated her very cruelly. They made her walk over rough ground for two hundred miles. Her feet were blistered and sore. She was not even allowed to take the gravels out of her shoes. At the end of her journey she fell into the hands of a brutal chief, who made her his slave.

When Joseph thought over all these things he was nearly ready to give up in despair. Yet his mind often went back to what Cutleotoy said the first day that he saw him a captive in the wigwam of Tunbridge. "He is

old enough,'' said the chief, ''to notice everything, and some day he will escape and guide an army here and destroy us all.'' Joseph Brown hoped that this might come true.

Joseph now began ''to notice everything'' sure enough. He was obedient to the Indians who had charge of him, and seemed to be cheerful. He did his hard tasks readily, but he kept both eyes and ears wide open. Having learned the Cherokee language, he picked up all the information that he could. His plans for the future began to take definite shape.

Joseph remembered that these Cherokee Indians who lived in the Chickamauga towns had given the white people a great deal of trouble. When they were attacked, they always retreated into the mountains and could not be taken. This was because nobody knew the secret paths of the mountain country.

The old chief Breath lived near a great cavern which has since been known as the famous Nick-a-jack cave. Joseph was often sent to him on errands. In this way he learned that the cave was a hiding place for the Indians. It was large enough to hold all the Indian nation, and only a few men were necessary to defend its entrance.

Joseph now felt that he held the secret that would lead to the capture or destruction of the Indians. His tasks grew heavier day by day, and he longed for the time when he should lead an army to cut the Indians off

from their stronghold. They would then be at his mercy.

Finally General John Sevier invaded the Cherokee country. He captured many women and children in the towns on the Coosa river. These he proposed to exchange for white captives among the Indians.

The Indians did not like to give up all their captives, but General Sevier said that not one must be left behind. Little Polly Brown had learned to love her Indian "mother," and wept bitterly when they were parted.

Jane Brown had been taken off to live at a place thirty miles away. It was very hard to get her back. Finally Joseph and these two sisters were exchanged and taken back to the home of their uncle in North Carolina.

Mrs. Brown was among the Creeks in Alabama, and could not be reached at that time. After many months she and the other children had the good fortune to be restored to their friends in the Carolinas.

Joseph grew rapidly, and was soon a man. He then carried out his father's original intention. He took his mother and the remaining children to settle on their land near Nashville. You will learn in another chapter how he made true the words of Cutleotoy.

William Blount and his Government

In 1789, the question of ceding all the western lands to the general government was still discussed. It was a favorite idea with Hamilton, who was secretary of the treasury under Washington. He also thought that in return for these lands the United States should pay the debts that the States had made during the Revolutionary War.

North Carolina continued to favor the proposition, and in 1790 made a final gift of her western territory to the United States. The national government was now in a better position to control territory. The gift was accepted at once and a government for "The Territory South of the River Ohio," as it was called, was organized.

William Blount was appointed governor by President Washington. He was a citizen of North Carolina, and it seemed entirely proper that the governor should come from that State. Governor Blount was one of Washington's special friends. He had been a member of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and it is probable that Washington became well acquainted with him at that time.

Governor Blount was of an ancient English family that had settled in North Carolina at an early date. He

was aristocratic in his manners and had a very formal and stately address. In all his public affairs he liked ceremony. Yet he commanded the respect and affection of all classes of people.

The appointment was considered a good one, for Governor Blount was a man of affairs and had considerable experience as a statesman. Besides, he was well posted on Indians matters, with which he would need especially to deal.

The government of the Territory was very simple. The governor had associated with him three judges, David Campbell, Joseph Anderson, and John McNairy. Daniel Smith was made secretary. Two brigadier-generals were appointed, John Sevier over Washington district and James Robertson over Miro district.

The first court was held at the house of William Cobb in the fork of the Holston and the Watauga rivers. For a short time Rogersville was the capital of the Territory. The seat of government was then removed to Knoxville, where it remained.

The first house was built at Knoxville in 1786, but the town was not laid off till 1792. At this time it had about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The village had grown up around a fort which was built by James White. It took its name from General Knox, who was secretary of war under Washington. *The Knoxville Gazette* began publication about the same time. It was the first newspaper in Tennessee.

Governor Blount was also appointed superintendent

of Indian affairs by President Washington. His method of dealing with the Indians was very different from that of John Sevier. Blount relied more on "big talks," in which he impressed the Indian chiefs by stately ceremonials, and closed by signing a treaty.

During the summer of 1791 Governor Blount held a noted conference with the Cherokees at Knoxville. He appeared in full dress, with military hat and sword. He stood with his officers around him under some tall trees on the bank of the river, while forty-one Indian chiefs were introduced to him in a very impressive way. Twelve hundred other Indians were also present. A treaty of perpetual peace and friendship was made. It is known as the Treaty of Holston.

At the time the territory was organized, it was provided that the people might have a territorial legislature when the population reached 5,000 voters. The legislature was to consist of the governor, a legislative council appointed by Congress, and a house of representatives elected by the people. An election was held and the members of the first house met in February, 1794. They recommended to Congress the names of worthy men from which to select a council. After attending to some other minor matters they adjourned.

The first full territorial legislature assembled at Knoxville on the 25th of August, 1794. Before this laws had been made by the governor and the judges associated with him.

The legislative council met in the military barracks.

The lower house sat in another room of the barracks or in Carmichael's Tavern, on Cumberland street. They came together in joint session in the courthouse. The

Carmichael's Tavern—Tennessee's First Statehouse

lower house would assemble as early as seven o'clock in the morning.

You would perhaps wonder at some of the rules of decorum adopted by the house. The first one was, "When the speaker is in the chair, every member may

sit in his place with his head covered.'' That is, he could wear his hat, or his coonskin cap, as he liked.

The second rule provided that at all other times when in the legislative hall, except when sitting in his place, the member must have his head uncovered. The eighth rule was, ''He that digresseth from the subject to fall on the person of any member shall be suppressed by the speaker.''

The legislature was in session only thirty-seven days. The members did their work quickly and well. Two colleges were established, Greeneville College and Blount College at Knoxville. They voted a land tax of twenty-five cents on the one hundred acres. The council thought fifteen cents was enough, but finally yielded to the house. The whole cost of the session was only about twenty-seven hundred dollars.

Many of the members boarded in the country and walked back and forth to the sessions. A carriage was unknown at that time in Knoxville. The place contained only about ninety families. At the close of the session the members from the Cumberland settlements were furnished a guard to accompany them home and ward off the savages.

You will find further mention of Governor Blount in the chapter telling of the organization of our State. Blount county was named for him, and Maryville, the county seat, for his wife, Mary Blount. Governor Blount died at the age of fifty-three, and was buried at Knoxville. You may find his grave just inside the fence

to the left of the entrance to the First Presbyterian churchyard. His wife, Mary Blount, lies by his side. Old-fashioned stones, lying flat upon a brick support, mark their last resting place.

Attack on Buchanan's Station.

In 1792 Buchanan's Station, four miles from Nashville, was attacked by Indians. Some time before the attack word reached the station that the Indians were coming, and about twenty-five families had gathered into the fort. Two scouts were sent to find out something about the hostile Indians. They fell into the hands of the savages, and both were killed and scalped.

As the scouts did not return, the people in the fort supposed that they had found no Indians in the neighborhood and had gone on further. So all the men went to bed and left Mrs. Sally Buchanan sitting up in the kitchen. It was Sunday evening.

Late in the night, while there was a dead silence, Mrs. Buchanan heard something in the distance. She thought it was the scouts coming back to report what they had found out. All at once the cows and horses that belonged to the fort began to run about wildly and to make a great noise. Mrs. Buchanan's mother had told her that this was a sign that Indians were near.

She sprang to her feet and cried, "Indians! Indians!" In an instant the men in the fort jumped out of bed, and, snatching their guns, ran to the portholes, where they could see the savages preparing to make an attack.

There were only nineteen men in the fort to beat back

a host of savages—some say six hundred. However, the fort was strong and the brave scout Castleman was there, and others who were equally skilled in Indian warfare.

The Indians were first seen by a man named McRory. He fired the first shot and killed the leader of the attack. The riflemen were scarce of ammunition, and wanted to make every shot count. So they did not fire till the Indians had nearly reached the walls of the fort. Then they cut them down with a deadly aim.

Many of the women seized guns and fired from the portholes with their husbands. Even the children assisted by holding up hats at the unoccupied portholes in order to draw a harmless fire from the Indians and make them believe that the fort was full of armed men. The Indians had thought the fort was weakly defended, and were surprised that it now seemed full of riflemen.

It was soon discovered that the scouts who had been sent out took away with them most of the bullets in the fort. Knowing that all the men were needed to fight the savages, Mrs. Buchanan, accompanied by the other women of the fort, rushed into the kitchen and began to mould bullets by the fire.

In the old way of moulding bullets there was always a neck, or stem, left, which had to be cut off. While some of the women were melting lead and moulding, others would cut off the necks as fast as the bullets were turned out of the moulds.

As soon as a goodly number of bullets were ready,

Mrs. Buchanan gathered them up, and, rushing out, cried aloud: "Here, men! Here are bullets for you! But mind, now! Don't waste them. Every one must make a hole in a redskin.

The Indians tried to burn the fort. One warrior got upon the roof with a lighted torch and was applying it to the clapboards. Just then a bullet struck him and he fell to the ground. There he tried to set fire to the wooden walls, but he was killed before he succeeded. The next morning the dead Indian was found to be Job Tunbridge, the half-breed who had captured Joseph Brown at Running Water town, and held him as a slave among the Chickamaugas.

The heroic spirit of the women encouraged the men to fight with great bravery. So many Indians were killed and the guns made such a loud noise that the savages became frightened and left without doing any serious harm. They were, in fact, so badly scared that they left the country and went back to their own homes.

The Prophecy Fulfilled

It is now 1794, and Joseph Brown has grown to be a man. The time is near when the prophecy of Cutleotoy will be fulfilled.

The Chickamauga Indians still roam in small bands about the Cumberland settlements and kill and scalp the inhabitants. The territorial assembly at Knoxville has been asked to do something to check them, and the assembly has asked Congress and the President. Both have refused on the ground that an expensive and uncertain war might result.

At last even Robertson's patience gave way, and he advised his people to fight their own battles and carry the war into the Chickamauga towns. He called for troops, and a thousand men responded. Joseph Brown had been sent to spy out a way. Having marked the route by blazing trees through the forest, he returned to guide the expedition.

Colonel Whitley, of Kentucky, came with a hundred men and joined Robertson's command. Major Ore, of the regular army, had been sent with sixty men from Knoxville by Governor Blount to help guard the settlement. He readily obeyed Robertson's order to fall into line.

Robertson was brigadier-general of the militia, but as

he had been wounded and could not serve, Colonel Whitley was put in command. Only a select number of the best men were selected to fight the redskins. It was Sunday morning, September 6th, when the chosen band marched away through the forest.

The first night the little army slept at the Black Fox's camp, near where Murfreesboro now stands. Their march led them across the Barren Fork of Duck river, near Stone Fort, and across the Elk at what was later Caldwell's Bridge. On Friday, having crossed the Cumberland Mountains, they struck the Tennessee river three miles below the mouth of the Sequatchie. The Indian town of Nick-a-jack, surrounded by mountains, lay on the opposite side of the river.

In their eagerness some of the men got up before daylight, and, plunging into the river, which was three-quarters of a mile wide, swam to the south bank. Others went over on rafts of dry cane and on the backs of their swimming horses. Among these was Joseph Brown, who was captain of a company of twenty sharpshooters. William Pillow swam over with a rope in his teeth, and thus drew a raft loaded with guns, shot bags, and clothes. By daylight the entire command of 265 men had crossed the river.

The troops formed in the cane on the river bank, and then marched silently to the attack through a field of corn which grew close up around the cabins. Under the guidance of Joseph Brown the advance had been so

directed that all means of escape were cut off from the savages.

The Indians, thinking themselves perfectly secure in their mountain retreats, were taken by complete surprise. At the first firing many of them ran for their boats. Others started for the mountain caves. Every way they turned they were shot down by the alert riflemen. Those that reached the canoes were slaughtered before they could get away from the bank. Some tried to escape by diving under the water, but these were picked off by the rifles as soon as they rose to the surface. Joseph Brown's friend Breath, the chief who advised him during his captivity, was among the slain.

The Indians at Running Water, a town about a mile further up the river, heard the firing and started to the assistance of their friends. They met many of the Nick-a-jack Indians who were trying to escape in that direction. They joined forces and awaited in a narrow pass the coming of the white troops. Their feeble resistance was soon overcome, however, and both towns were destroyed.

Several women and children were taken prisoners and confined in a small cabin. Among them was the old French woman whose slave Brown had been during his captivity. When he entered this cabin, all the prisoners fell on their knees and begged for their lives. Brown told them that white people did not kill helpless women and children. This gave them great joy.

In the cabins a number of scalps were found which

had been taken in the Cumberland murders. Among the spoils there was a quantity of Spanish ammunition. This was accepted as evidence that Spain incited the Indians to commit their depredations upon the Americans.

The means employed by the whites in these wars against the Indians would now be considered exceedingly cruel. Yet the settlers felt that there was no other way to protect themselves. Joseph Brown believed that he had performed a solemn duty, and at the advanced age of seventy-six years he said, ''The judgment of Heaven fell upon the Indians.'' This expedition put an end to most of the Indian murders.

Admitted to the Union

It has now been more than a quarter of a century since Watauga was settled. Many changes have taken place. The little settlement has extended over the larger part of what is now East Tennessee. The Cumberland settlers have become much more numerous, and, since the Nick-a-jack expedition, have been little troubled by the Indians.

There have been many changes of government. First there was the Watauga Association, and then the government of North Carolina. After that came the State of Franklin, which failed, and then again the government of North Carolina. This was succeeded by the Territory South of the River Ohio. Now the people are ready for still another change. It is proposed to form a new State and enter the Union. As Governor Blount favored this plan, he called the territorial assembly together to consider it. The meeting was held at Knoxville on the 29th of June, 1795. The federal act which organized the Territory provided that a State could be established when the population reached sixty thousand.

The assembly therefore ordered a census to see if the population had reached this number. At the same time a convention was called to frame a State constitution, in case the people should decide by their vote that they wanted one.

The census showed more than the required population, the total being a little over seventy-seven thousand. Two-thirds of the voters were in favor of a new State. There were eleven counties, and each elected five delegates to the convention. The people in the Cumberland settlements, however, voted strongly against the formation of a new State.

The convention met at Knoxville January 11, 1796, and Governor Blount was made president. The session was opened with prayer. By request Rev. Samuel Carrick preached a sermon to the members of the convention before the work of forming a constitution was begun.

The action of the convention was very harmonious. One of the first things the members did was to reduce their pay to one dollar and fifty cents a day and mileage. A constitution, modeled after that of North Carolina, was then adopted. It was thought at that time to be a very good one, but many changes for the better have since been made.

It was decided that the name of the new State should be Tennessee. This name was taken from a county in Middle Tennessee, which was afterward divided into the two counties of Robertson and Montgomery. The name originally came from the little Indian town of Tenassee, or perhaps from the name of what is now the Little Tennessee river. The Big Tennessee river was first called "Cherake." General Jackson is said to have suggested the name, but the Territory had been known as the Ten-

nessee country for some time. Bishop Asbury spoke of it as Tennessee in his journal as early as 1788.

An election of members of the legislature was ordered at once so that representation in the Federal Congress might be secured before that body adjourned. So the legislature was in session by March 28, 1796, which was before the State had been admitted to the Union. At the same time John Sevier was elected governor of the new State.

The legislature elected ex-Governor William Blount and William Cocke to represent the new State in the United States Senate, and Andrew Jackson in the lower house of Congress. Presidential electors were also chosen by the legislature. These officers are now elected by a vote of the people.

Soon after the close of the convention, Governor Blount, its president, prepared a copy of the new constitution. It was for Mr. Pickering, the United States Secretary of State, at Philadelphia, which was then the Federal capital. This copy, together with an appropriate letter from Governor Blount, was delivered to Mr. Pickering by Major Joseph McMinn, of Hawkins county, who had been a member of the convention.

President Washington, on the 8th of April of the same year, sent the above documents to Congress, with a message explaining the action of the Tennessee people with regard to a new State. Mr. Dearborn, from the House committee, reported in favor of admitting Tennessee.

The Senate committee objected, but after much talk Congress passed the necessary act. Tennessee was then admitted, on June 1, 1796, as the sixteenth State of the American Union.

In the Tennessee Wilderness

Francis Baily was a noted English scholar and capitalist. In the summer of 1797 he made a trip through Tennessee and afterward gave an interesting account of it in a book which he published. From this account one gets a fine idea of what the country was like in the first year after the State was admitted into the Union.

Mr. Baily was going by land from New Orleans to New York. On the way he passed through Tennessee from west to east. The latter part of his route was over the same road that Andrew Jackson had traveled the year before, when he went to sit in the American Congress at Philadelphia.

After leaving Natchez, Mr. Baily did not see the habitation of a white man till he came within twelve miles of Nashville. He crossed the Tennessee river sixty miles west of Nashville. There was no ferry or boat of any kind, and he came near being drowned. He then followed a path through the wilderness, and was almost starved when he reached the Cumberland settlements. No one could furnish him with food till he came within a few miles of Nashville.

Nashville then contained about seventy families. There were two or three small taverns. The best tavern contained one large sleeping-room full of beds. People came in at any time during the night and retired.

When the beds were all occupied, the last man crept in with some one who had retired earlier in the night. In this way Mr. Baily was likely to wake up any morning with a bedfellow whom he had never seen before. The table fare was very good.

Between Nashville and Knoxville most of the country through which Mr. Baily passed was a wilderness. He crossed the Cumberland at Nashville and came along north of the river till he reached the mouth of Caney Fork. From Nashville to the settlements at Caney Fork, a distance of sixty miles, Mr. Baily saw about three houses in a day's travel. From this point there was an unbroken wilderness to the Clinch river, where Kingston now stands.

As there was no tavern on the road, Mr. Baily spent the night with a private family. During the night a large snake crawled up through a crack in the floor, which was made of split logs, and got under Mr. Baily's bed. The next morning the man of the house told Mr. Baily that this was not a remarkable case, and added that snakes sometimes got up into the beds, but that they were harmless. Mr. Baily did not stay long enough to test the truth of this statement.

After leaving the settlements, Mr. Baily had to carry his food with him. He built a fire at night and boiled some coffee in a tin cup. His horses were turned out to eat the rich wild grass and pea vines. He then wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down to sleep under the shelter of a tree.

One night Mr. Baily found no water near the place where he wanted to make his camp. Having traveled a long distance without finding water, he was very thirsty, but he pressed onward. Vivid flashes of lightning soon indicated that a thunderstorm was coming up behind him. At last he stopped and built a fire so large that he thought the rain could not put it out. In a few minutes, however, the rain fell in such torrents that the fire was soon gone. Mr. Baily's great thirst was also gone, and, throwing himself upon the sobby ground, he slept soundly in his wet blanket with his head on a log of wood.

As Mr. Baily came across the Cumberland plateau he passed what was known as the Crab Orchard. It was a fine, large, natural meadow covered with rich, tall grass. The place was surrounded by mountains and was several hundred acres in extent. It was watered by a number of excellent springs.

While on the trip Mr. Baily met numbers of people on horseback and in wagons. They were moving to the Cumberland country. If it had been later in the year, he would have met many more. The year before this a traveler met in four days one hundred and seventy-five wagons and ten times that number of horses.

Between the Clinch river and Knoxville Mr. Baily came upon a large encampment of emigrants. They were waiting for the settlement of a dispute regarding the Indian lands. The Indians claimed the country up to the Clinch river and other points near by. Many

people had moved upon the Indian lands, and the United States troops had been sent to remove them and keep the lands clear. This caused great excitement and opposition among the people.

When Mr. Baily reached Knoxville, the capital of the State, he met the soldiers marching out to look after the Indian lands. The bands were playing and the people had all come out to see the soldiers depart.

Mr. Baily felt very glad to reach the settlements again. He had been fifteen days in making the trip from Nashville.

Pioneer Preachers and Churches

Along with the early settlers came the ministers of religion. Rev. Charles Cummings, a Presbyterian, was preaching in the Virginia settlements on the Tennessee border as early as 1772. Some historians think he was the first man to preach a sermon in Tennessee.

Among the settlers in Carter's Valley in 1775 was a Baptist preacher named Mulkey. We have no account of his work. In 1779 Rev. Tidence Lane organized a Baptist church at Buffalo Ridge, and a house of worship was built. About the same time Rev. Samuel Doak was preaching in Washington county.

In 1783 Rev. Jeremiah Lambert, of the Methodist church, organized the Holston circuit. At the end of the year he had enrolled seventy-six members. Bishop Asbury, of the same church, came to Tennessee in 1788. He began a great work, and did no little to calm the people who were at that time wrought up over the State of Franklin question.

Two years before this, Rev. Benjamin Ogden, of the Methodist church, began to preach in the Cumberland settlements. During the first year he secured sixty members. The Red River Baptist church near Port Royal was organized by Elias Fort in 1791. Rev. Thomas B. Craighead was one of the noted Presbyterians who preached in Middle Tennessee at an early day.

The three churches already mentioned occupied most of the field at first, though other denominations appeared from time to time and did a good work. The Methodists and Baptists reached the great masses of the people. Their preachers went into every nook and corner of the land. The Presbyterians occupied the towns and richer settlements.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized in Dickson county in 1810, and its influence was soon widespread. The first Episcopal church in the State was established at Franklin in 1827. The Church of the Disciples, or Christian church, appeared early in the century and spread rapidly. Other denominations established themselves at various times.

The first ministers endured many hardships and received little pay. They preached in cabin homes, in barns, or, when the weather was pleasant, under the spreading trees. Rough houses of worship were gradually built. When schoolhouses were erected they were often used also as places of worship. There were, of course, no fine church edifices till the country grew populous and wealthy.

In 1799 or 1800 there was a great religious awakening, or revival, on the frontier. It prevailed most extensively in the Cumberland settlements and in neighboring parts of Kentucky. It is said to have begun on Red River, in the sparsely settled country near Port Royal. From there it spread rapidly to other sections and produced a most wonderful effect.

In these meetings the greatest excitement prevailed. Saint and sinner alike were seized with strange convulsions, known as "the jerks." The affection manifested itself in various ways. Sometimes the head was jerked backward and forward so violently that there seemed danger of dislocating the neck, and, it is said, the long hair of the women would crack like a whip. Some people danced wildly, or barked like dogs. Others were seized with uncontrollable laughter. "Many fell," as one writer expresses it, "like men slain in battle." They lay for hours as if in a trance, and then gradually recovered in ecstasies of joy.

The strange part of all this was that the affection seemed epidemic, and those who resisted it, or tried to get away, were seized the more surely and the more severely. At one meeting three thousand are said to have "fallen." In such cases a space was cleared and those affected were laid out in rows as if dead. Their friends cared for them till they recovered.

Thousands of people were attracted to these meetings. They arrived on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles. Some came as far as a hundred miles and brought their provisions with them. The meetings were held in the woods, where tents or temporary cabins were constructed for entertaining the people. Out of this movement arose the camp meeting so long popular in the early history of the country. Many thousands were converted before the excitement died down in 1803.

Boyhood of Jackson

General Jackson is the most noted character in Tennessee history. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father came from the little town of Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland. The family were staunch Presbyterians.

Jackson's father landed at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1765. This was two years after the close of the French and Indian War. George the Third had been on the throne of England for five years, and trouble about the Stamp Act had begun. Mr. Jackson settled at Waxhaw, near the North Carolina line. He soon died and left his family in poor circumstances. Little Andrew was born a short time after his father's death.

From his earliest years Andrew Jackson was a fighter. He had the Scotch-Irish grit, and seemed to feel that he was in a world where everybody must take care of himself. His mother wanted to educate him for the Presbyterian ministry, but the boy was not inclined that way. Foot races, leaping, and jumping were his favorite amusements. He excelled in all outdoor sports.

Andrew was nine years old when American independence was declared. A great many Tories lived around him. He was a strong patriot, however, and joined the American army when he was thirteen years of age.

Andrew does not seem to have belonged to any regular command in the army. He simply joined small parties that were called to perform some special service. He was asked one night to help guard the house of a patriot soldier who expected an attack from the Tories. For a while there seemed to be no danger, and all the guards lay down to sleep.

During the night one of the men heard a noise. He went out and discovered the Tories approaching in force. He ran back, and, seizing Andrew by the hair of the head, cried, "The Tories are upon us." Andrew was on his feet in an instant and ran out into the yard. Seeing a body of men coming up, he rested his gun in the low fork of a tree and ordered them to halt. There was no reply, and Andrew called in a louder voice, "Halt!" There was still no reply, and the enemy kept coming on. By this time the rest of the guard were at Andrew's back. He then took aim and fired.

This brought a volley from the foe, and one of the guards fell dead. It so happened that the Tories were approaching from opposite directions, and the second party, hearing the balls whistling over their heads, supposed they came from the patriot force. Then they fired in return, and so frightened the first party that both came to a halt.

In the meantime the guards retired into the house and kept up a brisk fire from the windows. While this was going on a bugle, some distance away, sounded a cavalry charge. This was the work of a patriot who lived near

by and who had heard the report of the muskets. The Tories thought that they had been led into a trap and were about to be charged by cavalry. So putting spurs to their horses, they disappeared in the woods and were seen no more. This strange result was all brought about by the first shot fired by the boy soldier, Andrew Jackson.

The next time Andrew met the enemy it was his time to run. The patriots were collecting a force at Waxhaw church. Lord Rawdon heard of it, and sent a company of British dragoons to capture them. The Tories of the vicinity joined the dragoons, and, in approaching the church, rode ahead. As they were in citizens' clothes, the patriots thought it was another company of their own troops coming up. They were thus completely surprised and routed.

Young Jackson was a member of the patriot force, and he fled with the rest. He went down the road as fast as his horse could carry him, with a British dragoon following closely behind. To escape capture, he turned aside and plunged into a thick swamp, where his pursuer was afraid to follow him. After floundering in the mire for some time, Andrew's horse reached the opposite side of the swamp. Andrew was covered with mud and presented a very forlorn appearance. He spent a hungry and anxious night in a thicket of undergrowth and wild grapevines.

The next morning he ventured out and slipped into a neighboring house for breakfast. It was the home of a

"I am a prisoner of war, sir"

patriot soldier named Crawford. A Tory hastened to inform the British troops, and, before Andrew was aware of it, the house was surrounded by the enemy, and he was obliged to surrender.

The troops proceeded to break up the furniture in the house. In the meantime a British officer ordered Andrew to clean his big cavalry boots. Though a mere boy, Andrew's manhood rebelled, and, standing up, he said calmly, but firmly:

"I am a prisoner of war, sir, and I demand to be treated as such."

The officer was so much angered by this reply that he struck Andrew with his sword. Andrew did not yield an inch, though the gash left a scar that he carried to his grave.

Witches and their Ways

The early settlers of Tennessee, as many other people of that time, often told curious stories about witches, charms, and conjuring. Such old tales were once very common among simple-minded folk, but we now know that there was no truth in them. All nations had such tales in their early history.

A witch was always some curious old woman living in the neighborhood, who was supposed to possess the very strange power of placing a spell, or a curse, upon the property or person of those whom she wished to harm. If a hunter failed to discover game, or if his gun missed fire, he began to suspect that he was under the power of some witch.

If a disease could not be well understood, it was very apt to be imputed to witchcraft. The way such a disease was cured was very odd. The picture of the supposed witch, drawn upon a board, was put up to be shot at with a bullet in which there was a little bit of silver. Whatever part of the picture was pierced by the bullet, that part of the old witch would immediately suffer pain. If the right arm of the picture was struck, the right arm of the witch suffered pain, and thus she was forced to remove the spell.

It was also believed that witches could milk the cows of their neighbors in a curious way. For every cow to

be milked, the witch hung up a new towel over her own door, and into it she stuck a new pin. She then got the milk from the cows by milking the fringes of the towels as they hung in a row. What a curious idea this was! People who thought over the matter carefully always noticed that the cows that the witch was supposed to milk were too ill, or too lean, to give milk anyway.

Another strange idea was that a witch could change people into horses by putting a silver bridle bit into their mouths while they slept. The witches would then mount these newly-made chargers and urge them over mountains and through the dark forests to some secret cavern where there was a big witch-meeting. In this place the witches passed the night in frolic and dancing while the poor horses stood out in the cold tied to the trees. Just before day the witches all mounted their steeds and hied themselves away to their homes. If they were a little late the poor horses were ridden so furiously that they nearly lost their lives. When some foolish people arose from their beds in the morning feeling languid and tired, they made sure that they had been ridden to a witches' meeting the night before.

It was sometimes believed that witches could change themselves into cats and deer, or other animals. In one old story we are told that a hunter was seeking game in a forest when a beautiful deer came bounding across his path. He raised his gun and fired, but the deer only tossed its head gently and turned to stare at him. He saw at once that it was a witch, and, quickly cutting a

piece from a silver dollar, he rammed it down his gun. When he fired again he wounded the deer, but it disappeared before he could take it. The next day an old lady, one of his neighbors, was seen with her arm in a sling. Such is the story.

Another story was that a miller was very much troubled by a large black cat that frequently made its way into his mill. He tried in every manner to get rid of it, but failed. Finally, one day, he watched his opportunity, and, seizing a hatchet, chopped off one of the cat's forefeet. It disappeared instantly, but judge of the miller's surprise when he beheld, lying on the floor before him, a lady's hand incased in a black silk glove! Then he knew that the cat was a witch, and he learned the next day that the wife of a neighbor was in bed, very ill. He went to visit her, and was surprised to find that she did not extend her right hand to greet him, but kept it hid under the covers.

Some Heroic Women

Heroism, in the early settlement of our State, did not belong to the men alone, for many brave deeds were performed by the women. The boys, and the girls also, did their part in defending themselves when it was necessary. The nature of life on the frontier taught all to be brave and daring.

In the Cumberland settlements in 1781 it was a daily occurrence for some one to be attacked by the Indians. One morning Mrs. Dunham sent her little daughter out of the fort to bring some water. The child was attacked by Indians and scalped.

The child's cries soon brought her mother to the spot. The mother was shot and dangerously wounded. Yet, strange to say, she succeeded in rescuing her little girl and bringing her into the fort. Both mother and child lived many years to recount the story.

In 1788 a large body of Cherokees were laying siege to Houston's Station, about six miles from where Maryville now stands. There were only nine men to defend the fort, and one of these soon fell pierced by an Indian bullet.

In this state of affairs the women were rendering what help they could. A Mrs. McEwen was down on the hearth moulding bullets at the fire. Amid the roar of the guns an Indian bullet came through a crack, and,

flattening against the wall, fell at Mrs. McEwen's feet. Mrs. McEwen snatched up the bullet, and, melting it in her ladle, soon turned it out from the molds as good as new. Then she handed it to her husband, saying: "Here is a bullet made out of Indian lead. Send it back to them as quickly as possible. It is their own. Let them have it and welcome!"

The year before this event occurred, a small party of armed Indians came to the house of Captain Thomas Gillespie, whose cabin stood on what was at that time the frontier. It was on the north bank of the French Broad river a little distance above its mouth. Captain Gillespie was away from home and there was nobody upon whom the family could call for help. One of the Indians drew out his scalping knife, and, going to the cradle where the baby lay, made motions as if he would scalp the child.

The day before this Captain Gillespie had been burning some brush on an island, from which the smoke was still rising in sight of the house. When the Indian threatened her baby, Mrs. Gillespie stepped to the door, and, looking toward the "clearing," called aloud, "White men, come home! Indians! Indians!"

The Indians were deceived by her trick, and, thinking that the whites would soon be upon them, fled from the house. They dashed down the hill by the spring and disappeared in the canebrake.

In 1795 twenty-five Cherokee Indians attacked the house of Mr. George Mann, in Knox county. He had

stepped out to his barn, when the Indians cut him off from retreat and murdered him. His wife, uncertain of his fate, sat in the darkness anxiously awaiting his return.

She soon heard voices in an unknown tongue. The door was locked, and, snatching up a rifle, she pointed it through a crack. Only that morning she had learned how to use the gun. Her children were sleeping near, and in the stillness she could hear their breathing and the beating of her own heart.

There was a heavy surge at the door. It partly opened and Mrs. Mann fired. The Indians were behind one another pushing with all their might when the gun went off. The one in front fell. The next screamed with pain. Mrs. Mann kept perfect silence. The other Indians picked up their companions and got away as fast as they could. They thought the house was full of armed men.

Early Growth of the State

From Tennessee's admission to the Union in 1796 till 1820 there was a large increase of her population. Along with other immigrants came many Revolutionary soldiers, who took up lands that the government had voted to them for their services. The great land speculators also caused many people to come out and settle.

Some of the new settlers came from North Carolina. Many were from Virginia. Others came from Pennsylvania, and not a few were from far-a-way New England. The immigrants usually traveled in covered wagons drawn by two horses, or by four horses, according to their means. A kind of straggling procession was coming into the old town of Jonesboro at all times, and especially in the fall of the year.

Jonesboro was a sort of stopping place, where letters were left and news was exchanged. From here the procession started out afresh for Greeneville, Knoxville, or the Cumberland settlements.

More lands were gradually cleared. Better houses were built. More schools were established and more churches were organized. Saw-mills were erected and simple manufactories began to appear.

Now and then the log cabin gave way to a frame house with glass windows or to a residence of brick or stone. Occasional specimens of varnished furniture

found their way up the rivers from Natchez and New Orleans. Frontier manners and customs began to change and many improvements were made.

The right to navigate the Mississippi had been early secured by a treaty with Spain, and the western people found an open market for their products. The trade with New Orleans soon became important. Flatboats and barges were taken down the rivers, especially from Nashville, which soon became the leading city in the western country.

The trip was long and even perilous. For many years pirates occasionally appeared on the great rivers and robbers waylaid the lonely traveler on the unfrequented land routes. The voyage to New Orleans occupied many weeks and even months. The return was generally made by land following the "Natchez Trace."

In the eastern part of the State goods were brought in wagons across the mountains from Baltimore. The peddler appeared with his pack, and one or two stores sold merchandise in such towns as Knoxville, Greeneville, and Jonesboro.

With the increase of trade came a demand for more money. The Nashville bank was the first in the State. It was chartered in 1807. The Bank of the State of Tennessee, at Knoxville, soon followed. Before many years banks had been established in all the principal towns.

The means of transportation, communication, and travel improved rapidly. The first step was from the pack horse on the wilderness trail to the wagon and the

wagon road. Then came wagon trains and stage coaches. The flatboat and the keel boat soon began to give way to the steamboat, which first appeared on the Mississippi in 1811-'12.

The first steamboat reached Nashville in 1818. It was called the *General Jackson,* and was owned by William Carroll, who afterward became governor of the State. Letters ceased to be sent by hand as mail routes were opened and post offices were established. Yet it took six cents to pay the postage on a letter for a distance of thirty miles or less, and twenty-five cents for a distance of over four hundred and fifty miles. These rates were not reduced till 1845.

The Creek War

As you have already learned, the Creek Indians lived to the south of Tennessee in what is now Alabama and a part of Georgia. In the War of 1812 these Indians took side with the British. They did this mainly through the influence of the great chief Tecumseh. He belonged to the Shawnee tribe. Before he was born his parents had removed with their tribe from the South to the far North.

Tecumseh declared that the Indians must all unite to win back their lands from the white people. The war between England and this country gave them a chance to get help in carrying out this idea.

About the beginning of the War of 1812 Tecumseh, accompanied by some of his own people, came to Alabama and had a long talk with the Creeks at their capital. He told them what he proposed to do. To carry out his plan he thought it best that the Indians give up all the civilization they had learned from the white people.

For some days before making his "talk" Tecumseh marched around the streets of the Creek capital with his wild savages. They were naked, except that they wore a flap on the middle part of the body. Their faces were painted black. They had buffalo tails sticking out behind them and their heads were ornamented with eagle feathers. The appearance of his warriors was

very frightful, but this had the desired effect in stirring up the war spirit among the young men of the Creeks. Tecumseh wanted the Creeks to join him in driving out the white people. Many of the young men were excited by his words and voted for war. The wiser part of the tribe voted for peace. So the Creeks were divided into a war party and a peace party. The war party were called "Red Sticks." They were led by an able chief named William Weatherford. The Indians called him "Red Eagle."

For some time the Indians remained quiet. Red Eagle finally began the war by leading an attack upon Fort Mims. He made his attack on August 30, 1813. There were five hundred and fifty-three persons in the fort, which was situated near Mobile in what is now the southern part of Alabama.

The people in the fort were taken by complete surprise. On the morning of the attack the gates of the fort were standing wide open. Innocent children played about the grounds. Their mothers, with light hearts, were cooking their dinner. The soldiers were scattered about—some sleeping, some playing cards. The officer in charge was even writing a letter to Governor Claiborne, saying that all was well at Fort Mims.

At that very moment, and all that fateful morning, a thousand painted warriors under Red Eagle lay concealed in a ravine not five hundred yards from the fort. It is said they were so still that the birds fluttered and sang innocently in the trees above them.

The savages, like tigers, were watching for the proper moment to spring upon their prey. At last the time came. At the first tap of the drum for dinner they rose in a mass and rushed upon the fort. In a few short hours five hundred men, women, and children were killed. The scene was too horrible to describe. It is said that not one white woman or white child was left alive.

The news of the massacre spread rapidly all over the country. Nobody near the Indian country felt safe. The frightened settlers left their homes and hurried into the forts. Their crops, their cattle, and all other kinds of property were left to be plundered by the savages. Even the Indians who belonged to the peace party had to flee for their lives.

II

There were no telegraphs in those times, and it took the news nineteen days to reach Nashville. That city was four hundred miles away. A deep gloom fell upon the people. A large meeting of citizens was held, and its chairman, Rev. Mr. Craighead, made an eloquent address.

It was decided at this meeting that an army must be sent to protect the Alabama people and to keep the Indians away from the Tennessee border. The seat of government was then at Nashville, and the legislature promptly voted troops and supplies for this purpose.

All eyes turned to General Andrew Jackson as the

best leader of the expedition, and in a short time he took command. He sent Colonel John Coffee to Huntsville, in the northern part of Alabama, and ordered him to have all the cavalry join him there. Jackson himself collected the infantry at Fayetteville. General John Cocke gathered a force at Knoxville and ordered supplies to be sent down the Tennessee river for the support of the whole army.

Learning that the Indians were moving northward for an attack, Jackson at once marched his army to Huntsville. Here he found that there was no immediate danger. The next day he crossed the Tennessee river and came to the camp of Colonel Coffee's cavalry.

The little army remained for several days on a high bluff overlooking the river. All the soldiers were in fine spirits. Among them was Davy Crockett, the bear hunter and great joker. He wore his hunting shirt and carried his trusty rifle. Everybody was kept merry by his stories and good humor.

While waiting for the supplies from Knoxville a messenger came to ask help for some friendly Creeks on the Coosa river. Jackson determined to grant the request, as the route led up the Tennessee river, from which direction the supplies were expected. After marching twenty-two miles, he encamped at the mouth of Thompson's creek and built a fort. As he intended to deposit the supplies in this fort, it was named Fort Deposit.

While this work was going on, Colonel Coffee scoured the country on the Black Warrior river with his cavalry

and burned a number of Indian towns. After collecting several hundred bushels of corn he returned to Fort Deposit. His ability as a commander soon advanced him to the rank of brigadier-general.

After waiting for supplies until his patience was exhausted, General Jackson decided to assist without further delay the friendly Creeks, who had again sent for help against their enemies. He therefore left Fort Deposit on October 25th and marched southward into the enemy's country. His troops were on the verge of starvation, but he trusted to finding corn in the Indian towns which lay along the route.

In a week the army was at Ten Islands, on the Coosa river. This place was within ten miles of Talluschatches (tal lus chat´ches), which was inhabited by about two hundred hostile Creeks.

General Coffee was ordered to march against this town. A force of friendly Creeks went with his army. These Indians wore white feathers and white deer tails to show that they were friends.

General Coffee attacked the town early on the first morning after he started on the march, and gained a complete victory. Every Indian warrior in the town was killed. No one surrendered or begged for mercy. Only five of General Coffee's men were killed.

III

In all the battles of this war the Creeks fought with a religious frenzy. In every army they had a prophet

who made the warriors believe that the American bullets would not hurt them.

In the midst of the battle at Talluschatches the prophet mounted to the roof of a house and declared that the god of the Indians had filled the air with spirits who were catching the bullets of the Americans. "Look at me. I am unharmed!" he cried, and about that time a bullet struck him and he tumbled headlong to the ground.

During the battle the Indian warriors retreated into their houses and mixed with their families. Thus some women and children were unintentionally killed. After the battle was over a dead mother was found with her living babe in her arms.

The child was brought back to the main camp. General Jackson took pity on it and had it cared for till the war was over. It was then carried to the Hermitage, as he called his home near Nashville. Mrs. Jackson received the little stranger kindly. Lincoyer, which was the name given to the boy by the general, gave promise of being a fine young man. When about seventeen years old, however, he developed consumption and died.

Now we must go back to the story of General Jackson and his army. We left them on the banks of the Coosa river, in the eastern part of what is now the State of Alabama. For some days after the last battle, Jackson and his men were building a depot and defence, which he called Fort Strother.

Late one evening an Indian, tired and out of breath,

rushed into camp and called for General Jackson. He said he came to get help for his people; that they were friendly Creeks, and had been surrounded by the enemy in Fort Talladega.

This place was about thirty miles away, in a wilderness country, surrounded by mountains. It was where the beautiful town of Talladega now stands.

The Indian messenger, who was a noted chief, went on to say that his people were nearly out of food and water. Unless help came at once they must all be killed, for their enemies outnumbered them seven to one. In order to get out of the fort and come to General Jackson for help he had dressed himself up in a large hog skin. The head and the feet were left on so as to make him look just like a hog. He came out of the fort grunting and rooting just as a hog would do. In this way he worked his way through the enemy's camp. He then rose to his feet, and, throwing away his disguise, ran with all speed to Fort Strother.

When the chief had finished his story, General Jackson determined to go at once to the rescue of the friendly Creeks. In a short time his army was on the march, and at sunset the next evening it camped within six miles of Fort Talladega. Jackson attacked the Indians at sunrise the following morning and gained a complete victory.

The friendly Indians in the fort knew nothing of Jackson's coming. As soon as the battle was over, they rushed out to express their gratitude. General Jackson

accepted from them a small quantity of corn, and returned at once to Fort Strother.

IV

Not a peck of meal or a pound of meat was found in the fort. For several days nothing but a few lean cattle could be obtained. Expected supplies had not come, and Jackson was in an agony of disappointment.

One day while the general was eating something as he sat under a tree, a starving soldier came up and begged for food. Jackson told him that it had always been his rule to divide with a hungry man. Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out some acorns. "This," said he, "is the best and only fare that I have."

For weeks the army was kept on the verge of starvation. The troops became mutinous and tried to go home, but they were stopped by the iron will of the general. Many claimed that their time of service was about to expire. Finally most of them were permitted to go home and new troops were sent forward. As the new troops had joined the army for only a short term, General Jackson saw that he must act rapidly. He therefore left Fort Strother and marched to Fort Talladega. Here a body of friendly Indians joined him.

He heard that the enemy had an army near by on the Tallapoosa river. He pushed forward, but before he could reach their camp the Indians came out to meet him. Jackson defeated them, though their number was so great that he failed to conquer them.

After another battle, in which General Coffee was wounded and A. Donelson, his aide-de-camp, was killed, Jackson decided to return to Fort Strother. The Indians overtook him before he reached the fort, but were driven off after a hard fight. It was only Jackson's great ability as a general that saved the army.

The term of service of Jackson's troops was again nearly at an end; yet the fame of the general's victories soon brought a new and larger army. Troops arrived from both East Tennessee and Middle Tennessee. In a little while he found himself at the head of about five thousand men. This was in February, 1814. He now felt strong enough to crush the enemy and close the war.

Hearing of the new danger that threatened them, the Indians gathered all their forces into a great bend of the Tallapoosa river shaped like a horseshoe. They called the place Tohopeka, which means horseshoe. The space contained one hundred acres of land. It has since been cleared to make a large field in which cotton is raised.

Across this neck of land the Indians built a strong breastwork of logs. It had portholes through which they could shoot. At the opposite side was a village of huts. The edge of the river around the place was fringed with many canoes in which the Indians hoped to escape in case they were defeated.

Tohopeka was about midway between the head of the river and its mouth, and about fifty-five miles from Fort Strother. It lay in the midst of a wilderness of woods and swamps.

It took Jackson eleven days to reach it, for he had to cut his way through the woods and put bridges over the swamps. As he came down the Coosa river he stopped at the mouth of Cedar Creek and built Fort Williams.

V

It was the 27th of March before Jackson made the at-

The Hermitage—Andrew Jackson's Home

tack on Tohopeka. He sent General Coffee across the river to prevent the Indians from escaping in their canoes. Jackson himself attacked the breastwork in front. He fired cannon at the wall for two hours, but the balls only buried themselves in the wood.

In the meantime General Coffee sent a force of friendly Indians back across the river to capture the canoes and to set fire to the Creek village. When this had been done he attacked the Indians in the rear. Jackson's men, hearing the guns of Coffee's troops, begged for permission to charge the breastworks.

Jackson knew that it was risky to undertake an attack, but he gave the order. As the long roll sounded the men rushed upon the works with a mighty shout. Prominent in the charge was a brigade of East Tennesseans, of which young Sam Houston was a member. His daring conduct is mentioned in another chapter.

Major Montgomery was the first to reach the top of the breastworks. He fell with a rifle ball through his head. The Indians fought to the death. They asked no quarter and the battle became a regular slaughter. From behind logs and trees and the burning huts the savages kept up their firing. Some tried to swim the river, but they met the bullets of Coffee's men till the waters were red with blood. Others hid under the banks of the river and in the driftwood.

Jackson sent a friendly Indian to the hard-pressed Creeks to say that they would be spared if they would surrender. Their answer was a shower of bullets. As the sun went down the soldiers set fire to the logs and brush where the Indians were concealed. As the heat drove them out they were shot down like wolves.

Night came on. It was a scene of horror. The dead lay in piles. Some of the living yet lay crouched in

brushwood or under shelving rocks, and even among the corpses of the slain. Some escaped during the night. One noted chief, who was wounded, is said to have sunk himself in the river. He breathed through a hollow cane until it was dark enough to swim away.

In this battle the power of the Creeks was destroyed. All their future hope was broken. Jackson returned at once to Fort Williams. He soon marched to the Holy Ground of the Indians at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. Their prophets told the Indians that no white man could tread this ground and live. Yet Jackson met no opposition and suffered no harm. The war was now over, and the Indian chiefs began to come in and surrender.

Red Eagle was still at large. He had been the chief spirit of the war and had led the massacre at Fort Mims. He must surrender before peace would be granted. It was expected that his life would atone for his crime.

Red Eagle could have escaped to Florida, but he chose to offer his life for that of his people. One day, as Jackson was sitting in his tent, Red Eagle came riding up.

"How dare you ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?" cried Jackson fiercely.

Red Eagle replied: "General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for

the women and children of the war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will have them conducted here in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you any longer I would most heartily do so. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done.''

Many soldiers gathered around, and, not knowing fully what was going on, shouted, ''Kill him! Kill him!''

''Silence!'' roared Jackson. ''Any man who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead!''

Jackson invited Red Eagle into his tent and treated him kindly. He assured the chief that if the Indians earnestly desired peace they could have it by submitting to the power of the government.

Peace was soon made. The government cared for the Indian women and children till they could find homes. General Jackson was now a great military chieftain, whose fame extended throughout the country.

General Jackson at New Orleans

After his great success in the Creek War, General Jackson was at once given higher office and greater honor. In May, 1814, he was made major general in the United States army. In taking this honor he passed above several noted generals who had previously been superior to him in rank.

The War of 1812 was still in progress. It had been a time of disaster, as well as of triumph, for American arms. The capitol at Washington had been burned by the British in the summer of 1814. Our navy had won some noted victories, but the army had suffered many severe losses. It is true that the Creek Indians no longer threatened the country. Yet, thick and fast came rumors about a British fleet and a heavy land force that were coming from the West Indies to capture New Orleans and invade the southwest country.

Jackson was put in command of the armies of the Gulf coast. Having concluded a treaty with the Creeks, he turned his attention to Florida, which at that time belonged to Spain. The Spaniards pretended to take no part in the war; at the same time they were secretly aiding the British and furnishing the Indians with arms at Pensacola. Jackson complained vigorously about this and at last determined to put a stop to it by force of arms.

He called upon the various States and Territories for their share of soldiers. Tennessee sent two thousand men, who marched down through the Creek wilderness with high hopes of a glorious victory. Everybody was glad now to march under Jackson's banner. Some had even paid for the privilege of going as substitutes.

Jackson made his headquarters at Mobile and placed a small garrison in a deserted fort at the mouth of Mobile Bay. This defense was called Fort Bowyer and was commanded by Major Lawrence. It was soon attacked by a British fleet; but after a severe loss, including the burning of one vessel, the fleet sailed away to Spanish headquarters at Pensacola. After tedious waiting at Mobile, Jackson was joined by the Tennessee troops under General Coffee. His force was now about four thousand men. Early in November he marched against the British at Pensacola. In a short time they were compelled to take to their fleet and sail away. Having forced a treaty upon the Spanish governor, Jackson returned to Mobile. The campaign against Pensacola had lasted only eight days.

Jackson now ordered General Coffee to take the main body of the army and march by the best route to New Orleans. Leaving a reasonable force to defend Mobile and Fort Bowyer, Jackson set out with his staff to ride one hundred and seventy miles to New Orleans, where he arrived on the first of December.

After a brief welcome by the leading citizens, Jackson at once began to put the city in a state of defense. He went hither and thither to find out all about the way an

enemy would likely come when making an attack. He provided vessels and forts on the river and on the lakes. Everybody gladly lent him a helping hand in this work.

II

In the meantime a British fleet of fifty armed vessels, under command of Admiral Cochrane, had been collecting in Negril Bay in the island of Jamaica. In the fleet was the noted ship Tonnant, of eighty guns, which was one of Lord Nelson's prizes in the battle of the Nile.

The force, sailors and all, numbered about twenty thousand men. Many of them were old veterans of Wellington, who had gained famous victories in European wars. Some had been in Washington the summer before and helped burn the capitol. Civil officers were on board, who expected to govern New Orleans after it had been captured. Many brought their families along and all were light-hearted and happy over the prospect of an easy victory.

In the latter part of November the fleet weighed anchor and put to sea. The pick of England's army and navy was aboard. A writer who was present says that the ships moved slowly and proudly from their anchorage; when they got outside of the harbor, they caught the strong breeze from the ocean and "bounded over the water with the speed of eagles." Long before darkness came on, the coast of Jamaica had sunk below the horizon and the British were speeding, as they vainly supposed, to the doomed city of New Orleans.

On the 14th of December Jackson was inspecting the defenses of the city. He felt that all was going well. Before he reached his headquarters, however, news came that his gunboats on the lake had been captured, that the largest fleet ever known on the Gulf was close at hand, and that the city was in a panic of fright.

Danger always brought out Jackson's powers. After issuing a thrilling address to the citizens, he placed the city under military rule. Every able-bodied man was ordered to take up arms. Old men were put on police duty in the city. The courts were closed and many prisoners were released to enter the army.

On the 18th of December, Jackson reviewed his troops. It was Sunday and the day was bright and warm. The entire city turned out to see the parade, which took place in the public square in front of the old Spanish cathedral. Although the troops were of a mixed character, they drilled well. Jackson had a spirited address read to them, and everybody went away full of hope and courage.

The next day General Coffee arrived with a part of his Tennessee forces. The march had been hard and many of his horses and men had been left behind because they could not keep up. His troops made a poor show as they marched through the streets of New Orleans. They were dressed in hunting-shirts and homemade clothes. Their coonskin caps and raw deerskin belts gave them a backwoods appearance, but their long rifles would tell in battle, as we shall see later on.

On the 23d of December the British landed a force of sixteen hundred men at a lonely place twelve miles below the city. They were under the command of General Keane. By ten o'clock they were within nine miles of New Orleans. Here they captured a Creole planter named Villeré and took possession of his residence.

One of Villeré's sons escaped while the British bullets flew thick around him. He fled into a swamp and there hid in the top of a liveoak till the soldiers had given up the pursuit. He then slipped down and ran to the next plantation. There a friend joined him and they crossed the Mississippi in a small boat to the plantation of a third friend. The three men then mounted horses and rode at full speed to Jackson's headquarters in the city.

III

At half past one o'clock that afternoon Jackson was working at his desk on Royal street. All at once there was a clatter of hoofs in the street outside his headquarters. Three horsemen, covered with mud, appeared and asked to see the general. "Show them in at once," said Jackson.

"What news do you bring, gentlemen?" asked the general.

"The British have landed," they replied, "and are now encamped nine miles below the city."

Jackson's eyes flashed fire. He brought his fist to the table with a ringing blow and exclaimed, "By the

Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!" Turning to his aides and secretary, he said, "Gentlemen, the British are below. We must fight them to-night."

Orders were quickly sent to the troops stationed at various points about the city. Swift riders sped like the wind to notify officers of the coming attack. Jackson then ate a little rice and lay down on a sofa for a few minutes of sleep,—the last he would get for seventy hours.

About three o'clock the general arose and rode to the lower part of the city. Here he took his stand before the gates of Fort St. Charles and reviewed the troops as they passed to the field of action. Then, having seen the schooner *Carolina* weigh anchor and drop downstream, he put spurs to his horse and galloped after his soldiers.

At half past four o'clock a small party of Americans struck the British lines near the Villeré place and Thomas Scott was wounded. The timely arrival of reinforcements enabled the Americans to hold their advanced position. At five o'clock Jackson himself came up and quickly laid his plans. General Coffee was ordered around by the swamp to attack the enemy on the flank, while Jackson with the main army was to assault them near the river.

Before these preparations had been completed, night came on and a black darkness closed over the scene. At half past seven, the signal gun from the *Carolina* announced the attack. Nobody seemed ready. Coffee's men had to leave their horses and grope their way on

foot. The only way to see the enemy was by the flash of their guns. Firing began at several points, and all was confusion and uncertainty. Both armies advanced in small sections and in hopeless confusion. They called out in the dark to know whether the troops in front were friends or foes. Many soldiers were killed, or wounded, but whether by friends or foes it was hard to tell. It is certain that when daylight came dead bodies lay scattered over the ground in large numbers.

The battle lasted till ten o'clock, and some say till three o'clock, in the morning. It was a queer battle. Nobody could even tell who had won the victory. The effect was to stop the march of the British and give Jackson time to strengthen his fortifications. In this respect it was a victory for him. But the great battle was to come off later.

It has been thought that General Jackson could have captured the British army if he had followed up his victory with another attack. His officers, however, thought that it was best to let well enough alone, and Jackson did not urge the matter. He put all his men to digging and heaping up the earth for a stronger defense. Such digging and heaping up of earth was never known before. There was no rest for Jackson. One writer says he was without sleep for five days and four nights.

The day after the night attack, something very different was happening in Belgium, three thousand miles away. On December 24, in the city of Ghent, the agents of Great Britain and the United States signed a treaty of

peace. The news spread rapidly from one person to another, but there were no telegraph lines and no Atlantic cables to carry it across the ocean. So the war in America went on.

IV

The next day was Sunday and Christmas. What a happy day of "peace on earth and good will toward men" it would have been to the soldiers in both armies if they had known about the treaty of peace. As it was, Jackson's men spent the holy day from dawn to dark in making stronger breastworks. Every ox, mule, and horse, except one, was working to strengthen the defenses of the city. That one horse stood ready to take Mrs. Edward Livingston out of the city in case the British captured it.

General Packenham now arrived and took command of the British troops. He was a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington and had won great fame in European wars. He gave his soldiers new courage. It was well that he did not know the weakness of the American army; otherwise he would have attacked Jackson at once and not have waited till more American troops arrived and the works were made stronger. His first idea was to destroy the *Carolina*. By the 27th he had mounted a large cannon which sent hot shot into the vessel until she blew up.

The next morning the weather was spring-like, but bracing. The ricebirds and the mocking-birds filled the

air with song. Soon General Packenham had his army in motion. With flags flying and drums beating, they marched toward the American breastworks. It was a grand sight, but the rifles of the Americans were so deadly at long range that the British general marched back without making a charge. He said he had only come out to get the "lay of the land."

For the next three days the British did nothing but bring up some cannon from their ships. General Jackson kept his men busy day and night strengthening the works. He planted new batteries and even began a new line of entrenchments two miles back toward the city. He would fall back to this if it became necessary. In the meantime many troops arrived without arms. The general asked the ladies of New Orleans to search every garret and cellar for old guns, pistols, and knives.

Jackson's army was made up largely of Tennesseans. These men understood the Indian mode of fighting and missed no chance of picking off the British sentinels. One night a Tennessean slipped out between the lines and shot a sentinel on his post. He carried the man's arms some distance away and waited. The corporal of the guard soon came around and found the dead sentinel. Another man was put in his place. As soon as the corporal had gone, the second sentinel fell at the crack of the Tennessee rifle. Another Britisher was placed on guard, but he, too, met the same fate. No more men were posted, and the Tennessee hunter returned to the American camp loaded down with British guns and bayonets.

On New Year's day, which was Sunday, there was some heavy firing. About thirty British and eleven Americans were killed. Three days passed away and still the British made no general attack. On the 4th of January 2,250 Kentuckians reached the city, but they were poorly clad and poorly armed. Day after day passed by. The British seemed to be giving the Americans plenty of time to get fully prepared.

On the evening of the 7th, however, there was an unusual stir in the British camp. That afternoon General Packenham was absent from the review of his troops. It was said that he had climbed to the top of a pine tree and was trying to get a view of the American works.

That night Jackson lay sleeping on a couch in a house where he had headquarters. His aides lay on the floor around him. All were in their dingy uniforms with their arms beside them. About one o'clock they were aroused by a messenger from Commodore Patterson and General Morgan saying that British troops were crossing the river and that they thought the main attack would be on the west side. "Tell them they are mistaken," said Jackson. "The main attack will be on this side." He looked at his watch; it was past one o'clock. "Rise, gentlemen," said he to his aides; "the enemy will soon be upon us." All were up and out in a few minutes. By four o'clock every man was in his place along the whole line of works.

V

General Packenham arose a little later. By four o'clock he had the British troops in line. Day had nearly dawned when two rockets rushed into the sky. This was the signal for attack. The mists began to lift from the field as the redcoat lines marched slowly forward. For a while there was some confusion and uncertainty. It was daylight before the British lines, marching in close order, drove in the pickets and came within range of the American guns.

The Tennesseans, under General Carroll, sent up a deafening cheer, the batteries opened, and cannon shot tore great gaps in the British ranks. Mangled bodies were thrown high into the air. The Tennessee riflemen held their fire till the British lines were within two hundred yards. As General Carroll shouted the word "Fire," a long blaze of flame and smoke leaped forth.

After the first discharge every man loaded and fired "on his own hook," and as fast as he could. As the smoke lifted, the British lines were seen to be shattered and the ground strewn with the dead and dying. The red line faltered and turned back.

General Packenham rode up and tried to lead them to a second attack. A bullet shattered his arm, and soon his horse fell dead. Having mounted a pony belonging to one of his aides, he was joined by General Gibbs in

leading a terrible onset. A cannon filled with musket balls tore a road through the advancing ranks and killed two hundred men. Packenham soon fell and was borne back to the shade of a tree where he died. General Gibbs and General Keane fell at nearly the same moment.

A British officer leaped upon the breastworks of the Americans and demanded that they should surrender. They told him he was alone and had better surrender himself. He looked back and found that two regiments which he thought were with him had disappeared as if swallowed up in the ground.

As the fight began, General Jackson went along the American lines encouraging his men. "Stand to your guns," he said. "Give it to them, boys. See that every shot tells." Sometimes he was on horseback and sometimes on foot. As the battle progressed he retired to a high point of ground near the center of the lines. Here he had a full view of the field and watched the tide of the battle.

Soon after the action began, an Irishman from among the American troops climbed to the top of the breastworks and peered through the mists at the advancing lines of British troops. Jumping back to his place in the trench, he shouted, "Shoot low, boys! Shoot low! They are coming on their all fours."

In twenty minutes after the battle began the result was decided; yet the firing continued for two hours or more. When the smoke had cleared away, the field, says one writer, looked like a sea of blood. The red coats of the

Tomb of Andrew Jackson

killed and wounded British gave it this appearance. The dead lay in heaps. In some places one might have walked a long distance on dead bodies alone. Some lay still in death, while others rolled and tossed about in pain.

For some time after the British had raised the white flag the dead seemed to be coming to life. Many red-coats jumped to their feet and ran away. These were men who had not been hurt, but, in the terrible slaughter, had dropped to the ground to escape the rain of bullets. General Jackson said that he had never before had so grand an idea of the Resurrection Day.

Packenham had promised his men that they should eat dinner in New Orleans. Yet by eight o'clock that morning he and most of his generals, with more than two thousand of his men, lay dead or wounded on the battlefield. Five hundred more were prisoners. The Americans lost only six killed and seven wounded! General Jackson had won the greatest victory in American history.

The American people were sick at heart with their losses in the war, but a cry of joy followed the news of the victory as it spread slowly over the country. It reached Washington on the 4th of February, and the city was soon blazing with light while the people shouted for joy. Jackson was now a national hero, and by and by his great deeds made him President of the United States.

And yet all this slaughter had taken place after peace

had been declared. The very day of the battle, the ship that was bringing the news to America was struggling with the waves on the bosom of the Atlantic ocean. There were no steamships then and the swiftest sailing vessels took six weeks or more to cross from Europe to this country. The good ship did not arrive at New York until the 11th of February. It came in after nightfall, but in half an hour the streets were packed with people crying "Peace! Peace! Peace!" In two days the glad tidings reached Washington and quickly spread all over the nation.

Sam Houston

This remarkable man was born in the year 1793, in Rockbridge county, Virginia. Like so many other great men of Tennessee, he was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and fought for American liberty. His mother possessed many noble qualities which had their effect upon the life of her son.

As a boy, Houston had little time to go to school, for his father was poor and had a large family to support. Besides this, young Houston's love for nature made him more fond of roaming in the woods than of going to school. It thus turned out that he never obtained much education, though he had a strong mind and became an able man.

Houston's father died in 1807. His mother then sold her property and crossed the mountains into the new settlement, in what is now Blount county in East Tennessee. Notwithstanding the hard work which now fell to young Houston's lot, he found time to attend Maryville College. Instead of applying himself to his studies, however, he would drill his fellow-students as soldiers. This showed what he was to be in the future. And yet, he did get a taste for reading. His favorite book was Homer's Iliad. The grand descriptions in this book of

contest and battle doubtless caused him to prefer it to all others.

Houston soon left college and went to work in a blacksmith shop. His older brother did not like this and secured for him a place as a clerk in a store. This position did not suit Houston; so he ran away and found shelter among the Cherokees, who lived near his home. Here he slept on the ground, chased game, and read his favorite Iliad. People said that he "would either be a great Indian chief, or die in a madhouse, or be governor of the State, for it was very certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him."

Houston continued his Indian life until he was eighteen years old. Now and then he came home to get new clothes, for his old ones would be worn to rags. As he was not earning any money, he got into debt after a while. With the purpose of paying off his obligations, he came into the white settlement and taught school.

We next find him in Maryville College again, but he soon quit school a second time, and in 1813 joined the army as a common soldier. His mother handed him his gun, saying, "There, my son, take this musket and never disgrace it; for, remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back to save his life." He was soon promoted to the office of flag bearer.

Houston's command, which was sent with General Jackson to fight in the Creek War, took part in the battle of the Horseshoe. As the troops charged the redskins,

Major Montgomery, who was in the lead, was shot down on top of the breastwork. Ensign Houston took his place and called upon the men to follow. As he scaled the works, an Indian arrow struck deep into his thigh.

As soon as possible, Houston tried to draw out the arrow, but he found that it would not move. He then asked a lieutenant to pull it out. The lieutenant tried twice and failed. Houston ordered him to try again and, holding his sword over the lieutenant's head, said, "If you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth." With a strong effort on the part of the lieutenant the arrow came forth, followed by a stream of blood. The flesh was frightfully torn, and General Jackson, coming up, ordered Houston to keep to the rear. Houston disobeyed this order and was soon again at the head of his men leading in the fight.

Later in the day two balls struck Houston in the shoulder while he was making a charge. This finished his part in the great victory. He was carried bleeding to the rear. A surgeon cut out one of the balls, but the wound never fully healed. His heroic deeds brought praise from all sides.

II

After the battle Houston was carried on a litter sixty-five miles to Fort Williams. Here, for a long time, he suffered want and lay on the brink of the grave. Some months later, he was borne between two horses all the way to his old home in Blount county. As he journeyed

"If you fail, I will smite you to the earth"

slowly through the wilderness he had no shelter and little to eat. His sufferings were great, but he bore them patiently. When at the end of the journey his mother stood over him, she could see nothing that resembled her son except the expression in his eyes.

In 1818 Houston left the army and began the study of law at Nashville. In a short time he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law at Lebanon, thirty miles east of Nashville.

The next year he was appointed adjutant-general of the State. A few months later he was made district attorney of the Davidson district and moved to Nashville. In this office he won great success, but with a view to earning a larger income, he soon returned to the practice of the law. In 1823 he was elected to Congress and so well did he fill the place that he was reëlected at the end of his first term.

At the height of his popularity, Houston was chosen governor of the State. Soon after his election he married a lady of high standing, but in three short months he left her without giving any reason. For this he was censured very much, but he would make no reply to his critics. He soon resigned his high office and left the country. All his great fame and his bright future faded away like a dream.

In the hour of his trouble, Houston's heart turned to the old Cherokee Indian chief who had adopted him as a son in his boyhood. The Cherokees had moved from East Tennessee to the Indian Territory. So Houston

turned his steps toward the great West. After a long journey he found a home in the wigwam of his Indian father. The old chief had become king of the Cherokees, and he welcomed his son with open arms. Again Houston had turned his back upon the life of the white man and found peace in the wild life of the forest and the plains.

After this, Houston's life stood apart from Tennessee affairs. In 1832 he drifted into Texas and again won great fame. He was the great leader in the Texan War of Independence. At San Jacinto the army under his command defeated Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, and thereby won the independence of Texas. It was a glorious victory! Houston was then elected President of the new Texan Republic, and, after Texas was taken into the Union, he represented that State in the United States Senate.

Tennesseans were in the thickest of the fight for the independence of Texas, and the greatest among them were Houston and Crockett. Both were rough men and rough fighters, and they were ready at any time to suffer and die for liberty. Their sublime courage placed them among the world's greatest heroes. Some day you must read the story of how Texas won her independence. You will then learn more of Houston's great victory at San Jacinto and Crockett's sublime defense of the Alamo.

Hunting Game

You have already learned about the famous hunters like Daniel Boone, who made long trips into the wilderness to hunt big game and to fight Indians. Hunting was their trade, and they made money by selling the hides and furs of the animals which they caught in traps or shot with their long rifles.

For a long time after Tennessee had been settled, there was a great deal of game, and everybody hunted more or less. It was fine sport to go into the woods and shoot squirrels and wild turkeys. Every man owned a long flintlock rifle; shotguns were then but little used.

Daniel Boone was fond of shooting squirrels as a pastime. He could hit a squirrel's eye in the top of the tallest tree. He preferred, however, to kill them without having his bullet touch them in any way. "This was impossible," you say. Not at all. He aimed at the bark of the limb on which the squirrel's body rested. At the crack of his rifle the squirrel flew into the air and dropped to the ground dead. The bark of the limb had been shivered, and the sudden jar had killed the squirrel. With the best hunters this was not an unusual way of killing squirrels.

More skill was required in hunting wild turkeys. These birds were very shy, and would fly away at the least alarm. The most skillful hunters had a way of

imitating the gobble of the male turkey. They hid themselves in a suitable place and thus lured the game within range of their rifles. Indians, when at war with the whites, often decoyed hunters to their death by imitating the turkey's gobble.

In the Watauga settlement a white man once heard in the woods near his house what seemed to be the gobble of an old turkey cock. Suspecting something wrong, he picked up his gun and went out with the intention of finding out whether his suspicions were correct. He walked halfway around the body of woods and entered from the rear. Creeping very carefully in the direction of the sound, he soon found that, sure enough, it was an Indian hidden in the brushy top of a fallen tree. The next moment there was a crack of the white man's rifle and the Indian gobbler lay dead.

Hunting the deer was considered the finest sport of all. There were places in the woods called "deer licks," or "buck scrapes." At these places many deer and other wild animals gathered to lick the salty ooze that came from the ground. Knowing their habits, a hunter would climb a neighboring tree and await the coming of the game. In most cases he did not have to wait long before his rifle brought down a good fat buck.

It was also the custom to chase deer with hounds. These dogs had a keen scent and followed the deer's track until they came within sight of him. Then they gave chase with a loud baying, which notified the hunters that the game had been started. The deer was very apt

to pass a given point, or "stand," known to the hunter, who placed himself there ready. If he was an old hunter, he scarcely ever failed to bring down the game, but a new man often became so excited that he missed the deer as it ran by. Such a one was said to have the "buck ague." That is, the deer so excited him that he trembled like a person with fever and ague, and for that reason missed his mark.

Bear hunting was another noble sport. Davy Crockett was Tennessee's greatest bear hunter. A story is told to the effect that he once found some young bears, or cubs, in a hollow tree. Davy wanted to take the cubs alive and carry them home. The only way to get to them was by climbing up to a hole in the tree and going down the hollow inside. This Davy did, but, as he was beginning to climb out, he looked up and saw a dark object in the hole above him. It proved to be the mother bear, who had returned home and was coming down, to protect her children.

As Davy took in the situation, his heart leaped into his mouth with fear, but all at once a happy thought struck him. The bear was coming down backward and, as soon as she was within reach, Davy grasped her tail, and, prodding her in the side with his hunter's knife, he made her pull him up to the hole, where he jumped out and escaped. This is probably not a true story, but Davy Crockett himself told it.

Old Time Traveling

You have already learned that traveling was slow work in the early years of Tennessee history. The first settlers picked their way through the woods as best they could. Sometimes there was a buffalo path or an Indian trail to follow. The men generally traveled on foot, while the women and children rode horseback.

Before the Revolutionary War, carriages and wagons were used in cities like New York and Philadelphia, but in the country they were rarely seen. The wagons were rudely built and made a great lumbering noise. Most people walked or rode on horseback. Women rode on side-saddles or behind their husbands, and often carried small children in their arms.

Later, the use of vehicles spread, and, as roads were opened up, some of the settlers came to Tennessee in covered wagons. Even then most of the men preferred to walk and carry their guns. They kept a lookout for game upon which they depended for meat. They built a fire by the roadside at night, and slept in the wagon or under the shelter of the trees.

It was not often that people made a long journey, but when they did, it took them a long time. You remember that Mr. Bailey was fifteen days in coming through the wilderness from Nashville to Knoxville. Now one may

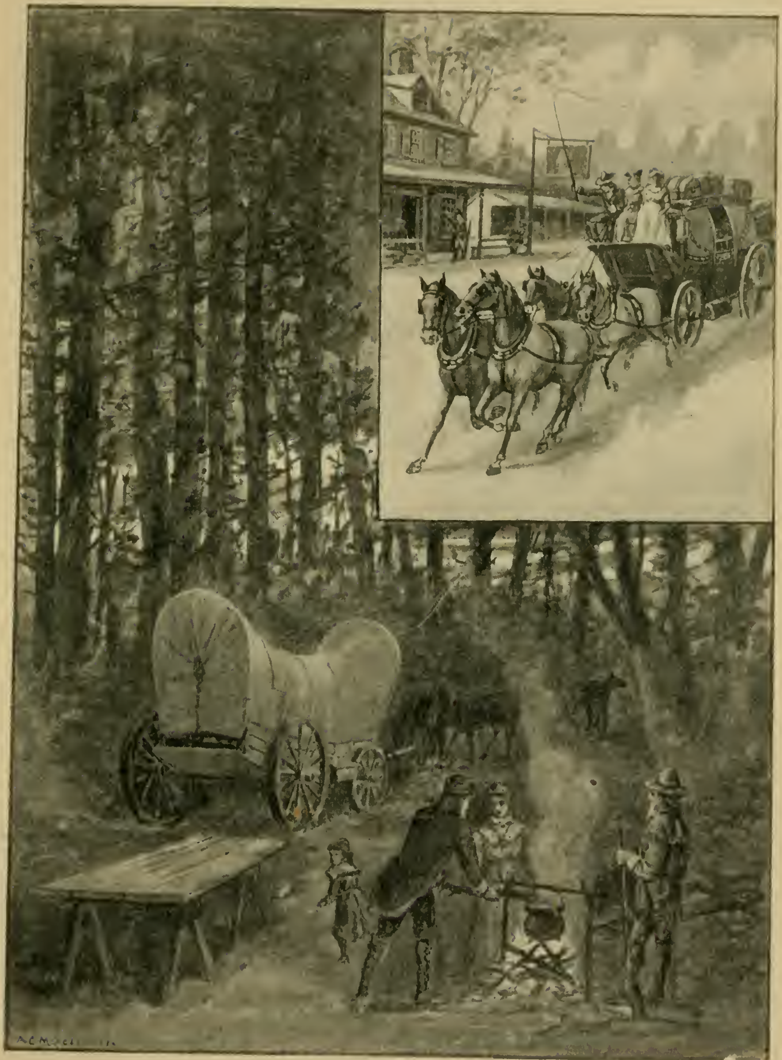
make the journey between these two places by a much longer route in about eight hours. But there was no hurry in those old days; everybody had plenty of time.

By and by better roads were built. Long military roads were constructed by the Federal government, and stage routes were laid off by the State. In early times there was a noted stage road leading across the Cumberland Mountains from Nashville. It passed through Knoxville, Jonesboro, and other East Tennessee towns, and then through Virginia. One branch of this road led through North Carolina.

This old stage road was the route which General Jackson took when he went to the seat of government at Washington. After he became President, he traveled in his own carriage. Large crowds of people came out to meet him at different points along the line. It was a noted day when the President passed through a town or village.

Old-fashioned country taverns were built along these stage roads. They stood about one day's travel apart, and gave accommodation to both man and beast. They did not equal our fine city hotels of the present day, but they were the best the country could then afford. Most of them have long since gone into decay.

These taverns were the halting places for the stages. Unless it was a very fast trip, the passengers would get out at the tavern and rest during the night. In earlier times there were few taverns and travelers had to stop in private homes or cabins by the roadside. They often



Old Time Traveling

carried their own bedding, made up of blankets, and slept on the floor. The host sometimes helped them out with a bundle of straw or flax.

As the stagecoach approached any stopping place, the driver blew a long bugle to notify the people of its arrival. The stage carried the mail and brought the latest news. The mail bags were carried in a place on the back of the stage called the "boot."

Stagecoaches were first used in America about the year 1800, and reached Tennessee somewhat later. They carried about nine passengers inside and two on the seat with the driver. In case of necessity, three or four persons could ride on the flat top of the coach. The trunks of the passengers were carried behind, in the "boot," with the mail.

The stagecoaches themselves were interesting old vehicles. The running-gear was stronger than that of any wagon you have ever seen. It was made strong in order to withstand the shocks of striking against boulders and stumps while the horses were going at a gallop. The body of the coach hung upon great leather straps instead of resting upon steel springs. There were also straps inside for the passengers to hold; for, when the driver was making fast time, the inmates were often thrown from their seats. Yet in the early days the fastest stagecoaches went but little further in a day than some of our trains now run in an hour. In 1842 a new "fast line" of stagecoaches was advertised to carry passengers from Knoxville to Washington city in six days and six hours.

II

People who traveled by water in the earliest times, went in canoes, flatboats, and keel boats. These were propelled by hand, with oars or poles. Produce and passengers were carried down the rivers by these craft, but no regular trips were made. By a great effort the keel boats were often brought back upstream; but when the flatboats reached the end of their voyage, they were broken up and sold for lumber.

The first steamboat on the Mississippi river passed down to New Orleans in the latter part of the year 1811 and the first of 1812. It was built in Pittsburg, and was called the *New Orleans*. Five or six years later, steamers began to appear on other rivers in Tennessee, and, before the end of the first half of the century, lines of boats were plying on all our navigable streams.

Steamboats were a great improvement on keel boats and barges, but for several years they made slow time. In 1820 the steamer *Rifleman* ran from New Orleans to Nashville in thirty days, and was called the fastest boat on the river. By 1845 boats could make the same trip in five or six days. Railway trains now make it in less than one day.

Steamboat days were days of happy memory. The steamers on the Mississippi were like floating palaces. The table fare and other accommodations were most ex-

cellent, and trips on these boats were delightful. They were crowded with wealthy planters and their families, and the social life was charming. However long the voyage might last, everybody was sorry when it came to an end.

People in Tennessee began to think of building railroads about 1835. One of the first lines talked of was to lead from Charleston, South Carolina, and pass through Knoxville, in the heart of East Tennessee, to Cincinnati, Ohio. Strange to say this line is still talked of, but has never been built. The Tennessee Central, which has recently been completed, was strongly talked of about the same time, and the State legislature appropriated several thousand dollars to make a survey of the line.

Among the first railroads built were the Nashville and Chattanooga, the Memphis and Charleston, and the East Tennessee and Georgia,—now a part of the Southern. At first these roads were short, and the business done was very small as compared with that of the present day. Passengers and freight had to be transferred at the end of each line. Waybills were made out for passengers as well as for freight, and transportation charges were often lost when not collected in advance. Connections with other railroads were very poor, and passengers lost much time in waiting for trains at different points. There were no sleeping cars. People who wanted to sleep got off the train at night and went to a hotel.

All the railroads were short and there were no through tickets. People had much trouble in changing cars and

getting their baggage through safely. A trip to New York or any distant point, was a great tax on the patience and endurance of the passenger. Even the money that was used had different values in different States, and had frequently to be exchanged at a loss by discount. In most cases only a part of the route could be made by rail. Sometimes you would have to take a steamboat or a stagecoach. Yet we have people in our own day who sigh for the "good old times" and say, "Things are not like they used to be."

Davy Crockett as a Boy

Davy Crockett, the great Tennessee bear hunter, was born in 1786 at Strong's Springs, near Limestone, in East Tennessee. For awhile his father kept a small tavern to entertain travelers. This tavern stood on the great road between Knoxville and Abingdon, but it did not prove profitable. Davy afterward said that while living here he learned very well the meaning of "hard times and a plenty of them."

One evening a German cattle drover, who was on his way to Rockbridge county, Virginia, stopped at the tavern. On leaving, he hired Davy to go along and drive the cattle. The boy was treated kindly, and he stayed in Rockbridge county for some time.

At last Davy grew tired of Virginia, and wanted to come home. One day he found some wagons that were going to Tennessee and he got permission of the wagoners to go with them. He did not tell the German with whom he lived that he intended to leave, but stole out with his clothes about midnight and walked seven miles through a blinding snowstorm to the inn where the wagons had stopped. About daybreak the wagons started on their journey of nearly four hundred miles. They made such slow progress that Davy at last left them and went on ahead. His people were very glad indeed when he reached home.

As Davy had not yet learned to read, his father started him to school. The fourth day of his attendance he had a fight with one of the boys. As he was afraid he would be whipped by both his father and the teacher, he ran away with a cattle drover and went to Virginia a second time. It was common at that time to drive cattle to Virginia by the wagon road, and all goods were hauled through to Tennessee by wagons.

Davy went from place to place in Virginia and hired himself out several times. Once he got as far as Baltimore in Maryland, and went down to the wharf to take a look at the ships. He was so pleased that he hired himself to a captain to go to sea. He had come to Baltimore with a wagoner, and, when he went to get his clothes, the wagoner would not let him go back to the ship. His life might have been very different, if it had not been for the wagon driver.

After working very hard for some time, Davy got together a little money and started home. When he reached New River in Virginia, he found the stream so swollen that nobody would row him over. Jumping into a boat, he started to row himself across. The boat soon began to leak so rapidly that Davy was afraid that it would sink in the middle of the river. But after being carried two miles down stream by the swift current, he finally reached the opposite shore in safety and continued his journey.

His people were not expecting him at home. When he reached the little tavern, he found it full of guests.

So he slipped in without being noticed and sat down at the table with the rest. In a short time his sister knew him and cried, "It is Davy! It is Davy!" There was so much joy over his return that Davy felt that he had done wrong by staying away so long.

Davy had a good heart and loved his people. His father was in debt, and Davy, instead of going to school, worked six months for a neighbor to pay a debt of thirty-six dollars. He then worked six months more to pay forty dollars, for which his father had given his note to a Quaker. When the note became due, Davy brought it to his father. He thought it had been sent for collection and he felt much troubled, for he had no money. When Davy told him that he had paid the note, the old man could not restrain his tears. Davy felt a joy that paid him for all his toil.

An "Old Field" School

The little boys and girls who read this book may have never heard of an ''old field'' school. It was the kind of school that the boys and girls went to in the early history of this country. The schoolhouse often stood in a worn-out field. This is why it was called an ''old field'' school.

To-day we are going to visit one of these old schools. The time is about the year 1820. The schoolhouse stands in the center of the settlement, so that it may be most convenient to all the children. It is built of rough logs, and has a dirt floor. A fire has been made in the middle of the room, and the smoke goes out through an opening in the board roof. The cracks in the walls are daubed with clay. In one side is a rough door and in the other a small, square window.

The furniture of the schoolroom is very simple, indeed. Instead of desks there are rude seats made from logs. The log has been split open and long pegs are driven into holes bored at each end. These pegs serve for legs, and the split side of the log has been smoothed off for a seat. Rows of pegs around the wall hold the hats and dinner baskets. A long, flat bench, wider and higher than the rest, stands in the back part of the room for a writing table. There are no blackboards or maps,

and but few books. The seats are placed in the form of a square around the fire.

It is Monday morning and the little boys are up with the sun in order to finish their work before school time. The hogs and cattle are to be fed and turned out into the fields where they can graze during the day. As soon as breakfast is over, every boy is ready to start, for the school begins its work very early.

As a pupil nears the schoolhouse, he finds the other children at their studies. It is the rule that every child must go in and begin work as soon as he reaches the schoolroom. If, when the teacher comes, he should find any pupil playing outside, that pupil will be punished. In the short days of winter some of the larger boys are in their seats before the sun rises. We find a big fire blazing on the hearth, for it is the rule that the first boy to reach the schoolhouse shall make the fire.

You will be surprised at the way these children study. While the teacher hears one pupil recite, all the rest study aloud, and when the "big spelling lesson" is being studied, just before noon, they almost shout at the tops of their voices. The pupils try to make the teacher think they are studying very hard by making a great noise. Such schools were called "loud schools." In traveling through the country, one could always tell when he was coming upon one of these schools by the noise the children made in studying their lessons. Many people of those days thought this was the only true way to study.

Other curious customs in this school will surprise you. As the pupils are sitting busily at work, they are

startled by a strange cry. A youth on horseback is passing the door and all at once he shouts the words "School butter!" This is taken as a dare, or an insult, to the school. At once all the larger boys rise and without a word from the teacher rush from the house in pursuit of the offender. If they catch him, they carry him to the nearest creek and give him a "ducking," as it is called. Sometimes the poor fellow is almost drowned, but the honor of the school is preserved.

The custom of barring out the teacher was also common in the "old field" schools. At the close of the school term or at Christmas, the teacher was expected to treat the pupils to apples or cider. Sometimes he might give them gingerbread. Candy was not to be had at that time.

A committee of the larger boys wait upon the teacher to request the treat. If he refuses, war is declared. Before day the next morning the boys are at the schoolhouse. To keep the teacher from getting in, all the seats are piled against the door and the window. From behind these breastworks the demand for a treat is again made when the teacher arrives. He is thus kept at bay till he yields. If he stands out too long or tries to leave, the boys come out and carry him to the creek where he has to give up or submit to a "ducking."

The Boyhood of a Great Ship Captain

On the old stage road, about fifteen miles below Knoxville, is a sleepy little village. It is called Campbell's Station, because in the early settlement of the country a man named Campbell built a station, or blockhouse, there. In time of war the settlers gathered into this place as a protection against the Indians. About three or four miles from this station the great American admiral, David G. Farragut, was born. His father's house stood on the bank of the Tennessee river. Admiral Dewey visited this place on May 15, 1900, and dedicated a stone that marks the spot. It was erected by Bonny Kate Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution.

Few people think of Admiral Farragut as a Tennessean; yet he was a native of Tennessee, and was so put down on the rolls of the navy. His parents were living in the State when David was born, though they soon removed to Louisiana.

Farragut's father was a full-blooded Spaniard, having been born on the island of Minorca. By looking on the map, you will find that this island lies off the east coast of Spain in the Mediterranean Sea. It is one of a group of islands which are under Spanish control. The Farraguts were a very old family, and had taken part in the war against the Moors in the thirteenth century.

When Farragut's father was a young man, he left his

island home and came to America. He reached this country in 1776, the year in which independence was declared. He soon decided that he would help the Americans in their struggle for liberty. Joining the Revolutionary army, he fought gallantly to the end.

The elder Farragut was of a wild, restless disposition, and sought a home on the western frontier of North Carolina, of which Tennessee was then a part. About the same time he married Miss Elizabeth Shine, a North Carolina girl. Some years afterward, while they were living near Campbell's Station, as mentioned before, their son David was born.

The Indians were still in the Tennessee country and often made war upon the settlers. One day a small party of Indian warriors came to the Farragut home. When David's mother saw the Indians approaching, she sent her little son into the loft of their house to keep the redskins from finding him. She then barred the door, and, seizing an axe, stood guard till the Indians left. This was one of the first things that David could remember.

It was soon after this that the family went to Louisiana and for a while lived in New Orleans. David's mother died of yellow fever and he was adopted as a son by Commodore Porter. A little later, the commodore took David with him by sea to Washington city, where he put him in school.

At Washington, David became acquainted with Mr. Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy, who, learning

the lad's desire to go to sea, gave him an appointment as midshipman at the age of ten. He was soon assigned to duty on board the Essex under command of Commodore Porter.

David was well pleased with his new life, but the duties were rather hard for so small a lad. One night it was his duty to stand watch on the deck of his ship. He did pretty well for a while, but his eyes finally grew heavy and, before he knew it, his head dropped over against a gun carriage and he was fast asleep. Soon an officer passed that way and found the young midshipman sleeping on his post. For this he could have been punished very severely, but the good man knew he meant no wrong. So he stopped only to throw a covering over the sleeping form to keep off the chilly night air.

Some day you must read the full story of Admiral Farragut's life. You will then learn how a Tennessee boy became a great sea captain and what brave deeds he did. He was one of the most noted admirals in the United States navy during the great war between the North and the South. In the battle of Mobile Bay he stood boldly in the rigging of his ship and gave commands to his fleet while the cannon balls from the Confederate ships whistled around him.

A statue of Farragut has been erected in Washington city. He is represented as standing with a spyglass in his hand watching the progress of a battle which ended in one of his great naval victories.

The Settlement of West Tennessee

West Tennessee was a very desirable country, but it was the last part of the State to be settled. East Tennessee and Middle Tennessee each had a large population and had made many improvements before people began to move into West Tennessee.

The reason for not settling West Tennessee earlier was that the land was used as a hunting ground by the Chickasaw Indians. These Indians had been good friends to the American people. On this account our government felt that it would be treating the Indians unjustly to take their lands from them. The United States had made several treaties with the Chickasaws with regard to their lands. In 1818 a final treaty was made by which the Indians gave up all West Tennessee for settlement.

Before this treaty was made, only a small number of people, called squatters, had settled in the country. These were on the Mississippi river or along the few roads which led through the wilderness. After the treaty had been made, the settlers moved in rapidly. Within ten years the country was nearly all settled. Lands were cleared, roads were made, counties were laid off, churches were organized, and schools were built.

There were no noted "first" settlements like those of Watauga and the Cumberland. People came in from

every direction and many places were settled at the same time. Surveyors and land speculators were, as usual, first on the ground. The price of land rose rapidly, and the traders' profits were large.

Most of the land was very fertile. It was level or gently rolling. A hill that would not be noticed in East Tennessee was called a "mountain." A friend once drove the writer some distance to show him one of these "mountains" near Covington. In some places the land was covered with prairie grass and pea vines. Other portions were heavily timbered, and the lowlands along the streams were dense jungles of cane, wild vines, and undergrowth.

Wonderful stories were told of the fertility of the country, especially among the negro slaves, who came with their masters. To them it was a land "literally flowing with milk and honey," as one writer says. The soil was so rich that the negro would no longer need to work. He had only to make a hole in the ground with his heel and drop in some grains of corn in order to get a big crop. The trees, they said, were full of delicious fruit, and strawberries covered the ground, while roasted pigs ran around with knives and forks in their backs ready to be eaten.

The first settlers often made their way through the country with great difficulty. They had to cut roads for their wagons through the thick woods and put rude bridges over many of the streams. Sometimes the wagons were taken apart and carried across swamps and

large creeks. Many settlers brought a large force of negro slaves to assist them in subduing the wilderness, and in some cases as much as eighty acres of land was cleared for cultivation the first year. They had an abundance of tools and stock for farming. Deer and bears at first furnished a plentiful supply of meat in addition to the rapidly growing herds of sheep, hogs, and cattle.

II

Most of the settlers came from Middle Tennessee, though a great many came from the States east of Tennessee and from the Mississippi country. Others entered on the west side by way of the Mississippi and other rivers. Davy Crockett built his cabin on the Obion river at an early date. He helped to lay out the town of Troy in 1825, and in a few years he was sent to Congress to become famous as a "backwoods statesman."

Memphis was laid off and the first lot sold in 1819—the next year after the treaty with the Chickasaws. It is said to have been bought by Peggy Grace. John Overton did much to build up the city, and for this reason he has been called the father of Memphis.

For some years Randolph, in Tipton county, was a rival of Memphis. It was several miles above Memphis on the Mississippi river, near the mouth of the Big Hatchie. It commanded a fine trade from most of the West Tennessee counties on the east. Boats could go as far up the Hatchie as Bolivar. People thought that

Randolph would be the big city of West Tennessee, but stage lines and railroads caused Memphis to prosper, and Randolph was soon lost sight of.

There was much talk in that day of connecting the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers by a canal. The Big Hatchie river was to be made the main channel, and its head waters were to be connected with a stream which empties into the Tennessee. At the present day the work would not seem a very great undertaking. When the subject was first being discussed the governor of Tennessee, in a message to the legislature, favored the enterprise, but most of our statesmen in that day did not want the Federal government to undertake such work. If this canal had been built, it is almost certain that the little town of Randolph would have become the great commercial city of Tennessee instead of Memphis. It would have obtained all the trade of the Tennessee river besides keeping the large trade it already had.

Weakly county was settled in 1819. The first cabin was built by John Bradshaw. Henry Stunson was the first white child born in the county. The first hogshead of tobacco was raised by Vincent Rust. It was hauled in a wagon to Hickman, Kentucky, and sold for five cents a pound.

Madison county was settled about 1820. Dr. William Butler planted cotton there in 1821 and built a cotton gin. In the same year the first house was built in Jackson by Thomas Shannon. Bernard Mitchell was the first man to bring a keel boat up the Forked Deer river.

It was not long before Jackson was the center of activity in this part of the State. The first newspaper in West Tennessee was published there. A courthouse was built in 1822. It was made of round logs and had a dirt floor and a clay chimney. The first frame house was built of lumber brought in a keel boat from East Tennessee. It came down the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and then up the Forked Deer.

As might have been expected, the lands along the large rivers were generally settled first. The counties first laid off were in some cases very large and included others that have since been organized. Fayette was one of the later counties to be settled. The settlers found it full of bears, deer, wolves, and other wild animals. Joseph Simpson claimed to have killed a bear in 1824 on the ground where the courthouse at Somerville now stands.

The geographical names in West Tennessee, as well as in other parts of our country, suggest to us many great men and events in history. Madison county reminds us of President Madison, and its county seat makes us think of stern old Andrew Jackson, another President. The county seat of Henderson county tells us of the battle of Lexington. Other counties call to mind Patrick Henry, Commodore Decatur, Judge McNairy, Davy Crockett, the Tiptons, the Shelbys and so on. Even ancient Egypt is represented in the name of Memphis, and the siege of Troy in Obion county's former capital.

Frontier Sports and Pastimes

There was so much cutting down of trees, and building of houses, and clearing of fields, along with fighting Indians, that the first settlers had little time for sports and pastimes. Their hard lives caused them to take everything in a very matter-of-fact way. Nor were the people naturally of a very light-hearted disposition. As you have already learned, they were largely of Scotch-Irish stock. These people were somewhat like the Puritans of New England and did not look with great favor upon mere sport and enjoyment.

The Scotch-Irish were old fashioned Presbyterians and kept the Sabbath in a very strict way. A little boy was not allowed to whistle or laugh aloud on Sunday. After attending church in the morning, he had to study the catechism and look solemn all the rest of the day. Because these people were so strict in their way of living, some of the more worldly sort of folks called them "bluestockings." In any event, they were a good people and were among the very best citizens.

After the settlements were well established and the Indians were driven away, the people began to enjoy life more. They combined pleasure with their work. They had log rollings, and corn huskings, and quilting bees, to which everybody was invited. Big dinners and sup-

pers were spread, and feasting and merrymaking were the order of the day.

In some things people were not so strict then as they are now. There were many little "stillhouses" in the country. At these a great many apples and peaches were made into brandy, and much corn was changed into whisky So, at the quilting bees and corn huskings, it was a very common practice to hand around "peach and honey" and a little "whiskey toddy." The worst of it was that some people drank too much.

The quilting bees and corn huskings sometimes wound up with a big dance at night. This amusement was not favored by the church people, but was indulged in by the more worldly class. The dances consisted of reels, minuets, jigs, and breakdowns. The music was usually furnished by a couple of backwoods fiddlers who played a great variety of curious old tunes which are not to be found in any book of music.

In parts of the State where fine stock was raised, horse racing was a common sport. In his early days, General Jackson was a leader in this pastime. A noted race track was at Clover Bottom near the Hermitage. At the horse races of those days there was much betting, hard drinking, and hard fighting. With respect to the fighting especially, the present is a great improvement over the old days.

Unfortunately there was a rude element among our ancestors that often engaged in cock fighting, cruel as that sport was. They also had shooting matches, gen-

erally near a stillhouse. Those who engaged in this sport would buy a beef or a mutton and put up the different quarters of the animal as prizes for the best shots. The hide and tallow were also put up as one of the prizes.

The season of special enjoyment was Christmas. In celebrating this festival our ancestors followed the people of the older Southern colonies. Everybody wanted to make a noise of some kind. Long before day, the settlers were often aroused from slumber by a company of neighbors firing volleys from their rifles. To amuse themselves the young men of the neighborhood would play a great many pranks. They carried away gates and took wagons to pieces and then put the parts together again on top of the barn, or up in the fork of a tree. There were many dances, or "frolics" as they were termed, to which all the young folks of the neighborhood were invited. Children, and sometimes older people, stole in upon their neighbors to "get their Christmas gift," as they said. It was the custom, especially where there were great plantations, for all the negro slaves to go up to the master's house on Christmas morning and receive presents.

Fox-hunting was greatly enjoyed by certain persons who kept packs of hounds. There were two kinds of foxes—the grey fox and the red fox. The hunters usually went out on the chase late at night after the fox had time to travel about. Soon a trail was struck and the baying of the hounds began. The chase was apt to last

many hours, and, if a red fox was started, he might not be caught till the next afternoon or later. The red fox would run a long distance without changing his direction, but the grey fox would circle around his den. Often the hunters sat upon a high ridge where they were in full hearing of the hounds. On a still night, the baying of the dogs made sweet music to the hunter's ears.

Children had no beautiful toys and books for Christmas as they have now. There were no Christmas trees, and little was said about Santa Claus. Yet all enjoyed themselves in their own simple way. The boys had their board sleds, bows and arrows, and blow guns, which they or their fathers had made. They set traps for birds and snares for rabbits. All the streams were full of fish and it was rare sport to catch them with hook and line during the spring months.

At school, boys played town ball, bull pen, and cat. They also had running games like "prisoner's base" and "black man." Marbles were a common game, but there were no tops, except in the larger towns. Sometimes boys in the country "danced" very small gourds for tops. They spun them with the finger and thumb, or with a strong flax thread. Girls played such games as "my chicken, my crane, or my crow" and "Old Granny Malinda."

Killing His First Bear

Mr Joseph S. Williams is supposed to have been the author of a very interesting book called "Old Times in West Tennessee." In this book he tells how he killed his first bear.

Young Williams was a large, strong boy, and had just learned to shoot "off hand" with a gun. His father had given him a handsome little rifle. He never went into the woods without carrying this rifle on his shoulder. He also had a little Scotch bull terrier named Tasso.

It was the duty of Joseph to go out into the woods every evening and drive up the cows. One afternoon, during the month of August, he picked up his little rifle and started on his daily task. His dog Tasso, of course, trotted along by his side. A younger brother also joined the party.

They found the cows more than a mile away, quietly grazing on a level stretch of land in the Big Hatchie bottom. It was an open space where walnut and hickory trees grew and the cows could find plenty of wild pea vines. Not far away a thick canebrake began and extended to the river, half a mile away. Next to the cane was a slough, or sluggish stream, that emptied into the river.

The boys soon had the herd headed for home with the

old bell cow in the lead. It was still early and they thought they would turn aside for a short hunt. With some changes to a simpler form of expression the rest of the story is given in Joseph Williams's own words:

"We had gone but a short distance when a young deer sprang out of the brushy top of a fallen tree. It ran off about forty yards and stopped. A sharp crack from my little rifle startled a hoot owl and with its cry came the distressful bleat of the fawn. I had shot too far back, breaking him down in the loins.

"I had heard old hunters say that wild beasts of prey would come to the bleating of a fawn as far as they could hear it. Knowing that we were near the haunts of the bear and the panther, I fell to reloading my rifle.

"I had not more than got the charge of powder to the muzzle when a startling crash and cracking of the cane was heard across the slough. There was a plunge into the water and the next moment a monster bear came up the bank and made his way to where the fawn lay.

"Tasso slipped from us and reached the fawn just as the bear came up. He was a brave little fellow and undertook to dispute the bear's right to the game. They began to fight over the little deer which had crawled out of sight behind the upturned roots of a fallen tree and continued its bleating. Soon I heard Tasso squall out and then all was still. I feared he had received his death blow and hastened to his relief.

"I found the dog in the folds of the bear's huge arms. He was grappling at the bear's throat with all his might.

The dog's small size alone saved him. The bear was so annoyed by the dog that he did not see me. I tried to get a shot at him without hurting my dog, but he kept his head in such constant motion that I was unable to shoot him through the brain.

"Finally the bear sat upright with his back toward me. I fired and the bullet passed through his loins. The huge beast sprawled at full length upon the ground and Tasso was saved. I then reloaded, and a bullet through the bear's head ended his misery.

"I had expected to find my little dog badly hurt, but was glad to see that he had lost only two toes from one of his forefeet. My brother had been a quiet spectator. The little deer kept up its bleating until relieved by the hunting knife.

"The sun had gone down and it was now growing dark in the bottoms. We were a mile and a half from home with all this big game on our hands. If the bear had been fat, it would have weighed six hundred pounds or more. It was my first bear, too. I felt that I would build up a fire and spend the night there rather than leave him.

"I began blowing my horn. Everybody who went into the woods carried a horn in those days. I continued to blow at intervals, knowing that I should soon be answered by the big horn at home. In the meantime I struck fire with the flintlock of my gun. We put fire to the tree top and soon had a flame that lit up the woods far and near.

"We blew again and were answered by the big horn. In a little while my father came riding up with an old negro named Jack. He wanted to know what was the matter and I simply pointed to the bear as an explanation. The bright light from the tree top exposed to view the black monster and the spotted fawn.

"I then gave full particulars of the killing. My father ordered Jack to return to the house in haste and have Jim bring a yoke of oxen hitched to the fore wheels of the wagon. He was to come quickly down the river road and bring several men with him.

"Within an hour we saw Jim coming through the woods toward us. He had Bright and Darling yoked to the fore wheels of the wagon, as directed. In another hour we were at home with my "first killing." I received many congratulations and was the hero of the evening. From that day I was numbered among the bear hunters."

Davy Crockett as a Bear Hunter

It was while he lived in West Tennessee that Davy Crockett gained his greatest fame as a bear hunter. He learned all about bears. He knew what they fed upon and when they were fat; he could tell where they made their lairs; he knew by the scratches on a hollow tree whether the bear had gone up into his hole or come down.

About the year 1825 Crockett was building a boat and getting out staves on one of those West Tennessee lakes which have been so noted for the abundance of game in their vicinity. This was about twenty miles from his home on the Obion river. He had not worked long before he became restless and yearned for the woods. He owned eight hounds which had been finely trained for big game. With these he started out to hunt for bears, and in a few days returned with a heavy store of meat.

One of his neighbors was soon out of meat and asked Crockett's help in obtaining a supply. They started out for a hunt of two weeks. The number of bears killed averaged one a day. Having thus supplied his friend with an abundance of meat, Crockett went back to work on his boat.

Soon the desire for hunting came upon him again, and he started out for another hunt. This time he took his son along. Here and there the land was covered with

thick growths of cane, especially along the larger streams. In these cane thickets, bears often took refuge and made their homes. The hunt had scarcely begun when Crockett's dogs came upon a bear in one of these canebrakes. Thinking it unnecessary to waste a shot on this bear, he rushed up and killed it with his knife as the dogs held it upon the ground. He then heard the report of his son's gun in the distance. On coming to the spot he found another dead bear.

One of the dogs was now barking in the woods not far away. All hurried to the place and there sat a very large bear high up on the limb of a tree. Crockett fired and the huge beast came tumbling to the ground. Thus a half hour had scarcely passed before they had killed three bears.

The country was thinly settled. Little was to be seen except dense forests, swamps, and canebrakes. On this trip Crockett came upon a poor man who was clearing some land. He looked ill and very thin. He was working to earn some money to buy meat, as his supply was exhausted. Crockett told the man that, if he would go with him, they would in a few hours capture enough bear's meat to last him some time. The man said he had never seen a bear killed, but he gladly consented to go. Before night four bears were killed and by the end of the week Crockett had killed thirteen more. At the end of the hunt Crockett gave his poor friend a thousand pounds of fine, fat, bear meat, which was enough to last him and his family a whole year.

About the first of January all the bears in West Tennessee became fat. They then crawled into caves or hollow trees and slept till April It was said that during this time they ate nothing, but only dozed and sucked the bottoms of their paws. It was again said that they lived upon their own fat; for, when they came out in the spring, they were very lean and hungry.

The next time we find Crockett out hunting, the bears had gone into winter quarters. Another of his neighbors was out of meat and Crockett could not refuse his request to go on a bear hunt to procure a supply of the much needed food.

In this hunt they found a bear in a large canebrake. It had built a sort of cabin in which it was enjoying its long winter nap. The dogs at first were afraid to go in, but at the word of their master they broke into the bear's house and soon came out in a rough and tumble fight with Bruin. A shot from Crockett's friend settled the beast.

The party stopped for the night with a friend near by. The next morning they salted their meat and continued the hunt into the woods between Reel-Foot Lake and the Obion river. The land was covered with trees that had been blown down by a recent tornado, and Crockett expected to find this place full of bears. Yet they rode five miles without finding any large game.

As the hunters were about to give up, Crockett found a black oak tree with a hole in it large enough to admit a bear. It stood on a high ridge where a bear would most

naturally seek his winter home. Crockett examined the bark of the tree and found that the scratches of the bear's claws indicated that he had gone up into the hole and had not come down.

II

Before this bear could be secured, the dogs set up a barking further down the ridge. The party hurried to the spot and found a big bear sitting up in a tree. At the crack of a rifle it came tumbling to the ground. Crockett saw that they had come into a town of sleeping bears.

They now looked around and found that the leading dog was gone. Crockett went to a high point of ground where he could listen, and sure enough he heard the dog bark. Running to the spot, he found another bear up in a tree. It took but a moment to shoot this one. Then he rushed back to the hollow tree where they had left the first bear.

Crockett's son, who had been left at this tree, first cut down a sapling, intending to have it fall against the large black oak. Then he would go up the sapling as if it were a ladder and look down the hole in the big tree to see where the bear lay. But as the sapling fell the wrong way, the boy cut into the big tree at the ground and found that it was only a thin shell.

By this time Bruin had been aroused from his sleep and had climbed up the inside of the tree. He then put

his head out of the hole above and looked down as if to say, "What are you bad men doing to my house?" He started down the outside of the tree to see about it, but a rifle ball brought him tumbling to the ground. He was far from dead and was about to overcome the dogs in a fierce battle, when Crockett shot him through the heart.

The next morning Crockett and his friend left the boy in camp and set out to hunt in the fallen timber about three miles away. This was the place where the tornado had passed through. In the midst of the fallen timbers, the dogs treed a bear. Crockett was so tired that his nerves were unsteady, and so it took two shots to kill this one.

They reached camp about sunset. Before they had got settled, however, the dogs were barking again. Crockett was tired and hungry, but nothing could keep him back. So, leaping from his horse, he was soon lost to sight in the dark woods. His way led over fallen trees and across cracks in the ground made by an earthquake. Sometimes he had to crawl on his hands and knees, and the weather was very cold.

About three miles away Crockett came upon a large stream of water. Without knowing its depth, he plunged in and waded across. The water was freezing cold, but on he went. It was very hard to find the dogs. When he reached them, they were barking up a big poplar tree, in the fork of which he could discern a black mass which he knew to be a bear. The night was so dark that

Fight between Crockett and the Bear

Crockett could not see how to shoot. He "aimed at the lump" and fired. The bear only crawled up higher and went out on a limb. The bear's outline against the sky was now plainer, but a second shot failed to bring him down. While Crockett was loading for a third shot, the huge beast fell with a heavy thud at his feet. The bear was not dead and for a long time he had a fierce fight with the dogs. Crockett could see nothing but a black moving mass and the body of one of his dogs which was white. He fired again without effect.

At last the struggling mass fell into one of the cracks in the ground. Crockett threw aside his gun, and, jumping into the chasm, passed his hand around under the bear's body till he felt the right spot. He then plunged his knife to its heart and all was still.

Crockett now began to realize his condition. It was late at night and he was in a thick, dark forest far from camp. Besides, the weather was bitterly cold and his clothes, which were wet, began to freeze stiff upon his limbs. He tried to kindle a fire, but the poor fuel made no heat. He stamped and danced to keep his blood warm, but he was too tired to keep this up long. When he stopped, he felt a numbness creep over him and he then knew that he was in danger of freezing to death.

A crisis had come, and Crockett felt that something must be done. He had an iron constitution which had gone through the hardest trials, but he saw that death now stared him in the face. At length he found a small tree with a long slender body. Up this he would climb

for some distance, and then, twining his limbs around it, he let himself slide rapidly to the ground. The friction of the rapid descent and the exertion in climbing up again kept him warm. He continued this exercise till daylight, and thus saved his life.

Crockett went back to camp the next morning, and in a day or two he finished this hunt and sent his friend home loaded down with bear meat.

During the spring he went on other hunting expeditions, and in one month killed forty seven bears. The number slain by him during the year was one hundred and five. Crockett finally became so famous a hunter that it was said the animals would give up and come down a tree as soon as he pointed his gun at them.

Some Curious Mouse Catchers

One of the early settlers of West Tennessee was William Murphy. He came from South Carolina and was a hatter by trade. In that day hats were made near home by some man who followed the business of making hats. They were generally made of wool or fur, and would last a long while. There were no railroads then, and nearly everything that people needed was made at home.

William Murphy, who was long noted for being the best hat maker in West Tennessee, was a peculiar man. His oddest trait was that he used black snakes to keep the mice out of his shop, just as we use cats. He said that these snakes were better mousers than cats; besides, they were not in the way and did not have to be fed.

Mr. Murphy's shop was not a popular place for boys. A boy always felt very uncomfortable while sitting in it. He expected any moment to see a big black snake come up from the floor and wrap itself around his leg. Or it might drop down from the rafters and choke him to death. When a customer came in to get his new wool hat, he would probably find a snake coiled up in the chair where he was going to sit down. Snakes were in every corner and crack of the shop. They seemed to be perfectly at home. Their black eyes glistened like shining beads. When they were disturbed, they darted little

forked tongues out of their mouths in a very uncomely way.

You may think that Mr. Murphy could not find such uncanny creatures companionable. Yet he said that they were less annoying to him than many people that he knew. They were especially less meddlesome, he said, than certain bad boys that he had seen.

Now and then Mr. Murphy got short of mousers; that is, some of his snakes left him. He then shut up the shop and went snake hunting in the woods and fields. One day he strolled out for this purpose and soon found a big black snake in the thick brush. This would be a rich prize, he thought, and the old hatter gave chase with all his might. The snake took refuge in a hollow pole. The old man concluded that it would be a good plan to stop up the hole and carry the pole home on his shoulder, and forthwith proceeded to do so.

As he trudged along home, thinking of the great prize he had won, he felt something tighten around his throat. In fact he was choking. He could not realize what was the matter, but he called aloud, the best he could, for help.

Some negro men, who were working in a field near by, ran to the spot. They found Mr. Murphy in a condition of great peril. The huge serpent had crawled out at the other end of the pole. It had then come back along the pole and wrapped itself around its captor's neck with a death-like grip. Mr. Murphy had tried in vain

to pull the snake loose. The negroes put forth all their strength, but could effect nothing. Finally they took out their knives and cut the monster away.

The old hatter expressed much gratitude to his deliverers, but deeply mourned the loss of so fine a mouse catcher.

President Polk and the Mexican War

James Knox Polk was another Tennessee Scotch-Irishman who became President of the United States. After coming from Ireland, the Polks lived for a while in Maryland and then in Pennsylvania. They finally moved to North Carolina, where the future President was born in 1795.

Polk's father moved with his family to Tennessee in 1806 and settled among the pioneers on Duck river. Young Polk was educated in the schools near his home, and at the age of eighteen became a clerk in a country store. On account of delicate health, he soon gave up this position. His father then sent him to a training school to prepare for college. After two years he entered the University of North Carolina, from which in due time he graduated. He had been an excellent student, and now he returned to his home in Tennessee to study law.

As a lawyer, Polk rose rapidly in his profession. He began to practice in Columbia. He soon entered politics and was elected to the lower house of the State legislature. There he became an able debater and was known as a friend and supporter of General Jackson.

In 1825 Polk was sent to Congress. He was one of the youngest members in that body, and soon attracted

attention by his ability. He was reëlected to Congress till 1839. In the meantime he had been chosen speaker of the House of Representatives and had become one of the leading men in Congress. He was a hard worker and rose to distinction by reason of his merits.

In 1839 Polk returned home to become governor of his adopted State. In the same year he had been mentioned for the Vice Presidency, but was not selected. He was defeated for governor in 1841 and also in 1843 by James C. Jones.

Polk was the first great stump speaker in Tennessee, and won his first race for governor by his ability in that line. In order to defeat him, Jones, who also was a good speaker, was named as his opponent. Polk was the abler man, but Jones carried the people with him by his anecdotes and fun.

In 1844 Polk ran for the presidency on the Democratic ticket. He defeated the great Henry Clay, who was a Whig, though Clay carried Polk's own State. Polk was nominated by a convention which sat at Baltimore, and the news was sent to Washington by telegraph. Professor Morse had just completed a line between Washington and Baltimore, and this was one of the first dispatches ever sent by telegraph.

While Polk was President many stirring events occurred. Texas had thrown off the Mexican yoke some years before, and now desired to become a part of the American Union. Polk and his party favored this, and Texas was annexed by Congress just before Mr. Polk

took his seat. Soon afterward the State was admitted to the Union.

The annexation of Texas brought on a war between the

Tomb of President Polk

United States and Mexico. The Mexican army held a part of the land which Texas claimed. President Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor, who commanded the army in Texas, to drive the Mexicans from the disputed territory. He did so and a number of battles were fought, in all of which the Americans were victorious.

Aaron V. Brown was governor of Tennessee when the war began. President Polk asked him for soldiers to enter the American army to fight against Mexico. Governor Brown made a call upon Tennessee to furnish twenty-eight hundred volunteers. Thirty thousand men offered their services! This was the spirit that earned for Tennessee the name of the "Volunteer State."

In a little less than two years President Polk brought the Mexican war to a successful close, and thereby added a large scope of territory to the United States. From it California, Arizona, Utah, and other States and territories have been formed. A dispute with England about the boundary line of Oregon was settled. The Smithsonian Institution was founded and the Department of the Interior was established. Few other Presidents have done so much and done it so well.

President Polk died a short time after the end of his term of office, and was buried in the lawn in front of his residence in Nashville. His remains were afterward removed to the capitol grounds.

Our Tailor President

Andrew Johnson was born at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father was drowned in trying to save the life of Colonel Thomas Henderson, who was his neighbor. Andy was then less than five years old.

The family had little support while the father lived, but after his death, it was still worse with them. Mrs. Johnson found it very hard to make a living for herself and her children. As soon as her little son was old enough, he was put to work to help pay the family expenses.

''Little Andy'' had no chance to go to school. Besides, there were no good public schools in Raleigh at that time. Consequently he never went to school a day in his life. It has been said that his wife taught him to read; but this is not true, though she did help him in his studies a great deal.

At ten years of age Andrew was bound out to learn the tailor's trade. This means that his mother entered into a contract with a tailor to teach her son the trade, and that the boy should stay with the tailor as his own son until the trade was learned. It took seven years to become a good tailor. Andrew worked hard, and when he got a little money, he gave it to his mother.

Realizing the great need of an education, Andrew hoped for some means by which it could be obtained. A kind man often came to the tailor's shop and read to the men and boys as they sat at their work. The book which he read from contained the speeches of some of the great British statesmen like Pitt and Burke. Andrew could not yet read, but he got some ideas at that time, which he afterward put into his speeches in the halls of Congress.

While the speeches of these great men were read in his hearing, a strong purpose arose in the mind of Andrew Johnson. It was that he, too, would become a great statesman. So, after his day's work was done, he devoted his time to study. In a short time he learned to spell and read. To his great delight he then read the speeches of the British statesmen for himself.

In the year 1826, young Johnson removed with his mother to the little town of Greeneville in East Tennessee. He had finished learning his trade and was what is called a journeyman tailor. He found it easy enough to get work, and people soon knew him as a good, honest workman. The young tailor could make a first-class suit of clothes. He never failed to do his work well. After he became President, his patrons would bring out their old clothes and say, "The President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, made this suit of clothes for me."

Some time after Johnson came to Greeneville, he thought he could do better by setting up a business of his

own. So he had a small wooden house built to serve as his shop. It stood a little out of the business part of the town. The house was very plain and it had only one

Andrew Johnson's Tailor Shop

small room. Over the door of the new shop was a sign painted on a small board. It read,

"A. JOHNSON, TAILOR."

When the people of the little village walked down the street and read this sign, they had no thought that the poor, young tailor would afterward become chief ruler of our great republic.

Young Johnson had not been in Greeneville a great while before he was married. His wife was a woman of much good sense. As she had great faith in her husband's future, she undertook to advance his education. While the husband worked at his trade, his wife read to him. When the day's work was done, she gave him lessons in writing and arithmetic. Her pupil applied himself closely to his studies and soon became a very fair scholar.

About this time a debating society was organized in Greeneville. It was a kind of training school for young men who wanted to become public speakers. Our young tailor joined the debating society at once. This was a fine opportunity for him. He felt at home in learning to make a speech. He kept in mind the speeches of the great British statesmen which he had read before. They served as a model for his efforts, and he was soon one of the best speakers in the debating society.

II

The young tailor now began to dream of the honors of office and public fame. In 1828 he was elected alderman of the little town in which he lived. Two years later he was chosen mayor. He was a great friend of the common people from the start. He was one of them, and knew how to sympathize with them. This made him very popular, and he was elected to the State legisla-

ture several times. Soon after he became a member of this body, his ability as a leader was recognized. He was bold in advocating what he believed to be right and in condemning the wrong.

It was now time to take another step upward. He had done so well that the people sent him to Congress. He took his seat at Washington in December, 1843. He was reëlected again and again till 1853.

He was then called upon to make the race for governor of Tennessee. His opponent was Gustavus A. Henry. The friends of Mr. Henry called him the "Eagle Orator" of Tennessee. The friends of Andrew Johnson said that they had a man who would "clip his wings." And he did. Johnson was triumphantly elected. His victory was repeated two years later.

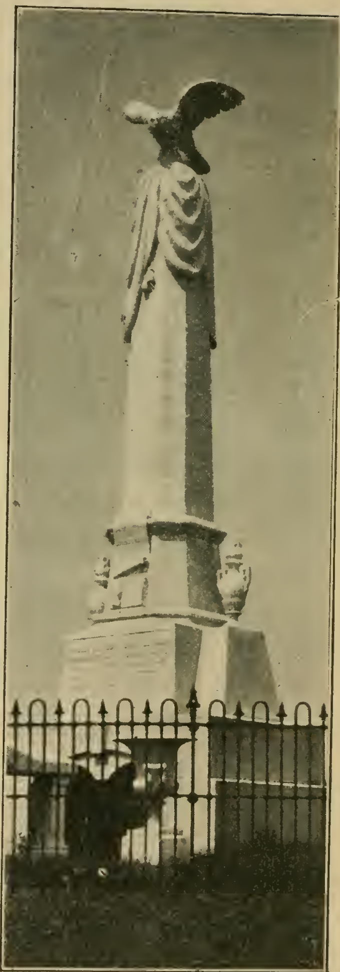
It seemed that nothing could stop the career of this wonderful man. In 1857 the legislature elected him to the United States Senate for the full term of six years. The poor tailor was now a great statesman and was known far and wide over the world. He had only one more step to take in order to reach the highest round of fame.

In 1862 Mr. Johnson was appointed military governor of Tennessee. Two years later he was elected Vice President. At the death of Mr. Lincoln, in 1865, he became President. The highest round of honor had been reached, but even with this his restless nature was not content. At the end of his presidential term he returned

to his home in Tennessee and was again elected to the United States Senate. He died in 1875.

Andrew Johnson never forgot his humble origin. He was always proud that he had been a working man, and his heart was always with the masses of the people. Hence he did not always please the political leaders on either side. He may have made some mistakes, but in one thing he was always right—he believed that government should be in the interest of all the people.

In the quiet old town of Greeneville, the little tailor shop still stands. It is weather-stained and going to decay, but above the door passers-by yet read that wonderful sign, "A. JOHNSON, TAILOR." They stop and think: "From this tailor shop to the White House!



Andrew Johnson's Tomb

Where, except in our own 'land of the free,' could such an event have occurred?"

On a high hill, one mile west of town, President Johnson was buried. A beautiful marble monument marks the spot. It stands in full view of the Great Smoky Mountains. On the front panel are the words:

His faith in the people never wavered.

At his own request his body was wrapped in the flag of his country.

More about Sevier

Something happened in 1889 which takes us back to our great pioneer soldier and statesman, John Sevier. But before giving an account of this event, something must be said of the later years of Sevier's life.

Sevier was very popular, and after his first term as governor of Tennessee the people continued to elect him to that office as long as the law would permit. The limit was six years, but after being out of office two years, he was again chosen for three more terms of two years each. Thus he served for twelve years. No other man except William Carroll has been governor of Tennessee for so long a time.

When he was first elected governor, Sevier felt that he would be expected to keep up the fine style of entertaining introduced by Governor Blount. So he began to build an elegant brick mansion in Knoxville, which you remember was the capital of the State at that time. However, his means soon ran short, and after paying off his hands he stopped the work. He was too honest to risk going in debt. The unfinished house was sold and it was afterward completed by other parties. It is now occupied by Rev. James Park, and the line in the wall to which Sevier built may yet be plainly seen by a difference in the color of the brick.

Sevier decided to remain on his farm about five miles south of Knoxville. He rode into town on horseback early in the morning to attend to his business as governor. In the evening he rode back home in the same way. His residence was on the site of an old frontier fort in a hilly and picturesque region. Here he added to his house one log room after another, and received his guests. He was a poor man, but his hospitality knew no bounds. His home was always full of old friends, old soldiers, and Indian chiefs.

One of the larger cabins was used for a reception room. It is said that the puncheon floor of this room was, on special occasions, covered with a foreign carpet. Only once was the carpet allowed to remain down all night. This was on the occasion of the visit to America of Louis-Philippe and his brothers, the French princes, who were guests of the governor in 1797. Most of this we learn from Mr. J. R. Gilmore's book on Sevier.

After serving his last term as governor, Sevier retired to private life. He felt that he was growing old and needed rest. The people did not think so, and sent him to Congress. They elected him three times, but with the last election came his death, about which you will now read.

In 1815 Sevier was sent by President Madison to arrange some matters with the Creek Indians. While on this trip, he died of a fever and was buried near Fort Decatur, Alabama. He was seventy years old when he died and had served his country fifty-two years.

There, on the east bank of the Tallapoosa river, this great man lay in a neglected grave for seventy-four years, which was four years longer than the years of his life. The Tennessee people often thought how ungrateful they were, but nothing was done till 1889.

In this year Tennessee had another governor who was much loved by the people. He was very popular, indeed, for he scattered sunshine wherever he went and made everybody happy. His name was Robert L. Taylor, but the people just called him "Bob," in the same way that they called Sevier, "Nollichucky Jack."

During Governor Taylor's term in 1889, it was finally arranged to bring Sevier's remains back to Tennessee and let them rest among his own people. This is the event which was alluded to in the beginning of this chapter. Governor Taylor went to Alabama with his staff and other distinguished Tennesseans. There he met the governor of the State, who turned over to him the remains of Sevier. This was all done in a solemn and appropriate way.

The remains were then brought to Knoxville, which had been the capital of Tennessee while Sevier was governor, and near which he lived. Thousands of people met the procession and were present at the exercises. The casket was placed under a beautiful monument in the courthouse grounds, and thus a long-neglected duty was performed.

Colonel W. A. Henderson of Knoxville relates a story which shows how popular Sevier was among the

Tomb of Sevier

people. He learned the particulars from an old man who saw Sevier when he was a boy. The boy had heard so much of Sevier that he began to think the great man must be some superior being. This boy was at church one Sunday when a man, out of breath, ran up and said that "Nollichucky Jack" was coming up the road. Everybody, including the minister, ran down to the road to see the sight. This church was in East Tennessee, and Sevier was on his way to Virginia.

It was not long before Sevier rode up with a large body of men around him. He had a good memory and began to shake hands and call people by their names. He knew the boy's father and greeted him heartily. He had never met the son, and, putting his hand on the little fellow's head, inquired

who he was. The father said it was his son and gave his name. The boy was very proud to be noticed by the great man, but, as Sevier passed on, the boy looked up into his father's face and innocently said, "Why, father, 'Chucky Jack is only a man!"

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Tennessee has many noted men and women to be proud of, but this little book does not propose to give you a full history of the State. Many events are not mentioned and the names of many noted men and women do not appear. You will learn of these in other and larger works.

Tennessee always held a prominent place in the history of our country. It has furnished more than its share of great soldiers and statesmen. There is scarcely a position under the government which has not been filled by a Tennessean. Few States have furnished so many Presidents. Tennessee's fame for the past is secure. What the future shall be rests with you—the boys and girls of the present.

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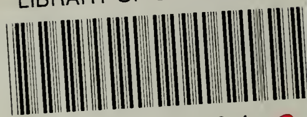
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